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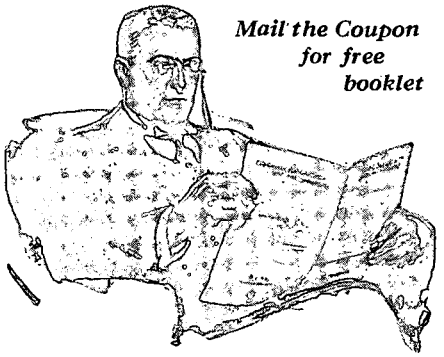

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Investors' Library

THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

The *Living Age*, in connection with its Financial Advertising Department, wishes to encourage this by the publication of the following list of booklets, which, it is believed, should prove useful to those readers who are concerned over the problems of investment of their surplus funds.

It is recommended that readers write directly to the investment Houses, making request for such booklets as seem most likely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may suggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *Living Age* readers.

"Bonds and How to Buy Them," an interesting booklet enumerating the important features in securities with which investors should be familiar. Offered by Otis & Co., 216 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

"How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," giving the experience of a prominent mortgage house. Offered by Adair Realty & Trust Company, 271 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

"The Straus Plan." A new 16-page booklet explaining the plan upon which the well-known Straus slogan "42 Years Without Loss to any Investor" was founded. Of much use to those who are interested in real estate mortgage bond investments. Offered by S. W. Straus & Company, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

"Monthly Investment Plan," financial independence through the purchase of high-grade securities on a ten-payment plan. An interesting and attractive booklet. Offered by H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

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"Systematic Savings Plan," a pamphlet which discusses the partial payment method of buying real estate mortgages. Offered by Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

"For Buyers of Bonds," an interesting booklet for buyers of investment securities. It explains many of the facilities of a large bond house, and describes the financing of nations, cities or corporations. Offered by The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York.

"Public Utility Bonds." Brown Brothers & Company, 59 Wall Street, New York, have issued a circular of 30 of the better known public utility bonds, affording a wide variety for selection with yields ranging from 5.16% to 7%. Copies of this circular will be sent on request.

Buying Investment Stocks. *Living Age* readers may secure full information about the sale and purchase of investment stocks by addressing Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress Street, Boston, Mass., or 42 Broadway, New York City.

"How to Select Safe Bonds," an instructive booklet describing various kinds of bonds and what measures the investor may take to be sure of the safety of his funds. Offered by Geo. M. Forman & Company, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Banking Service: All forms of banking service, commercial, investment, and fiduciary, are rendered by the Continental & Commercial Banks. Full details will be furnished upon request. 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

Constructive Investing: A general discussion of investment policies which should be of real interest to investors. Offered by Moody's Investors Service, 35 Nassau Street, New York City.

"8% and Safety," a booklet explaining the reason for 8% securities based on improved real estate in Florida. Offered by The Filer-Cleveland Company, Miami, Fla.

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This Week

Some of our flag-waving philosophers will be grieved to find that so sound a man as Lord Haldane does not tax German 'thinkers' with responsibility for the Great War. Instead he gives us a scholarly interpretation of Kant such as few of our native statesmen would be able to understand and fewer still to write.

* * *

Professor Lederer has been covering a lot of ground during the past seven days. Last week it was India and now it is Changing China that is engaging his attention. The Celestials seem to have become a little tired of foreign exploitation and, what is more, they have a number of admirable schemes for getting rid of it.

* * *

There is no getting away from Progress; you see signs of it on every side. A thousand years ago, people fought clumsy hand-to-hand battles with spears and swords and were comparative amateurs in the art of butchery. More recently they used guns and cannon, which were more effective, though a mite costly; and now chemical warfare can dispose of whole armies and a lot of noncombatants, too, at a single whiff. But the most wonderful thing of all is that the factory where these concoctions are brewed can dye your wife's blouse an artistic shade of pea-green during the piping times of peace.

* * *

The Crystal Palace — the Parthenon of the British Empire — is in danger of being superseded by that vast advertising project known as the Wembley Exposition. And yet, after reading the delightful account that the *Times* gives of the Victorian days, one wonders if all this business about good taste is so very much to the point after all.

* * *

Of course you have heard of Mei Lan Fang, — China's foremost actor, — for it says in this very issue of the *Living Age* that his fame is world-wide. The girls in Japan are 'Mei-mad,' as the saying goes, and our own flappers can look forward to a glimpse at his saffron charms when he makes his promised journey to the U. S.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 321 — *MAY 31, 1924* — NO. 4169

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

'LE ONZE MAI'

UNDER this title J. Kissel and G. Suarez, both writers of distinction, published shortly before the May 11 elections a volume containing word vignettes of the principal French party leaders and parliamentarians, and brief interviews with them upon the political situation and party policies. The result is a brilliant and eclectic campaign-document. Caillaux, the logical leader of the Radicals, who is quiescent during his enforced political rustication, and Georges Levy, who represented the Communists during Cachin's temporary retirement 'for reasons of health,' were the only public men who refused the requested interview.

Léon Blum, leader of the Socialists, considered the victory of the National Bloc in 1919 providential, as otherwise the chauvinist element in France, unable to work off its energies, would have brought about a Fascist régime and a Mussolini dictatorship. He prophesied, as did most of the men interviewed, a victory for the *Cartel des Gauches*, with Briand or Herriot as Poincaré's successor. As between the two men, 'all will depend upon the sincerity of the movement toward the Left.' Speaking of the policy of the Socialists, who he predicted would have a delegation of eighty to one hundred in the new Chamber, M. Blum said: —

> I am definitely against Socialist participation in the Government. We must have complete control or none. But at the same time I should say we ought to give our complete and loyal support to a Radical-Socialist Cabinet.

Characterizing the head of the existing Ministry, the Socialist leader said: 'M. Poincaré possesses great qualities, system, exceptional capacity for work, high culture. He combines rare intelligence with total lack of judgment. . . . He would be an admirable assistant to a man of genius. His proper rôle would be secretary to a Napoleon.'

Ex-Premier Briand, leader of the Independent Socialists, also prophesied confidently a victory of the Left. He professed not to wish the Premiership. 'It should be given to a young man. I have already held the position seven times. I am entitled to a rest.' He predicted that the foreign policy of the Cartel des Gauches would be 'interna-

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tionalization of the security and Reparations problem. What the Nationalists refuse to see is that France is international. Her prestige, her influence beyond her own boundaries, impose on her the moral duty of leading in that direction. . . . The reason the nations flocked to her support during the war was because France seemed to them a symbol of this international aspiration.' He criticized the occupation of the Ruhr as a dangerous experiment, and commented as follows upon the Dawes Report: —

It is the sixth report of this kind, including those that the Interallied experts made at the Brussels and London meetings. Its conclusions are not different. Only the figures are changed, and those in the Dawes Report are less favorable to France than the preceding.

M. Briand characterized Lloyd George as 'a very agreeable man, and a man who loved France, no matter what they say. He was the least English of Englishmen. We failed to rub him the right way. Moreover, the ex-Premier has the nerves of a woman, which explains the sharpness of his tongue since he left office.'

M. Édouard Herriot, Mayor of Lyon and President of the Radical and Radical-Socialist Party, naturally anticipated a victory for the Left. In respect to foreign policy he said: —

We should secure guaranties of a general character from Germany. Undoubtedly that is what the Dawes Committee will recommend. For instance, we could interest neutrals in the administration of Germany's railways on some basis by which 26,000,000,000 marks of securities would be issued, of which about 15,000,000,000 would be turned over to the Reparations Commission. That would prompt us to leave the Ruhr, but not until our claim against Germany is mobilized or internationalized. We must get that or we shall create a situation extremely dangerous for the peace of Europe.

When asked if he did not consider the rights of France threatened, he added: 'We have set up a system of international arbitration and defense to protect ourselves against this very danger. Whatever the skeptics say, the settlement of the dispute in Upper Silesia has proved how useful the League of Nations may be, even at the outset.'

M. Herriot was careful to emphasize that he had no sympathy with the Communists, and that the Communists were attacking his party more bitterly than the Conservatives. However, he wished to resume commercial intercourse with Russia, 'not only for the sake of Russia, but also to get access to the resources of Asia. My plan would be to secure new outlets for our trade and industry, which we need more to-day than ever. That is why I organized the Lyon Exposition. No man anxious to help his country commercially can refuse to deal with the Soviets.'

When asked if he would pardon Caillaux he gave this Yankee answer: 'Do you think M. Caillaux would accept a pardon?'

With regard to the religious question, M. Herriot asserted that no one was a stronger advocate of religious peace than he. 'I do not blame men for being Christians, but for not being Christians. If French Catholicism keeps out of politics, it will be respected and welcomed by us as an ally, a moral force.' With regard to a future Cabinet he said: 'If the Government is offered to the Radical-Socialists, they must seek assistance from the people who are solicitous for our national interests. For my part, I should never sacrifice, in order to hold office, either my democratic principles or the interests of the nation.' Probably this would not exclude the Socialists, but would exclude the Communists.

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JAPAN AND THE IMMIGRATION LAW

As our readers are sufficiently informed already, the rather cavalier abrogation of the Gentlemen's Agreement by the action of our Senate was met by an outburst of bitter resentment in Japan. Osaka *Asahi* said: —

Granting that the protest lodged by Mr. Hanihara injured the honor of the United States, the anti-Japanese immigration bill, which induced the abject Ministry of Viscount Kiyoura to present such a protest to the United States Government, must be regarded as a disgrace to our national honor and a blow to our prestige. . . .

The United States has been an Utopia to white settlers, while it is a hell to the yellow race. The Goddess of Liberty stands at a point on the Atlantic coast, while there is none along the Pacific coast. Perhaps it shows that the United States is a garden of peace exclusively for white settlers, while the door is closed to the Asiatics. . . .

Our respect for America is cooling into scorn. The racial struggle is by far the most horrible spectre ahead of us; it is more atrocious than the last Great War. It is the anti-Japanese American statesmen and politicians who appear to be bent upon precipitating such a horrible struggle.

Mainichi, of the same city, said: —

The United States is the foremost nation in the world in point of wealth and fighting efficiency, with which she may carry her point in international affairs. But without nobility of spirit and sound morality, mere material greatness is utterly worthless. Tyranny with the support of might may well be compared with the world policy of the former Empire of Germany. The might of the United States is a calamity for mankind.

Kokumin characterized the law as a 'masterpiece of jingoism.' *Yorodzu* said: —

As a man's honor is more precious than his life, so the honor of a nation is far more precious than material prosperity. The hardships which the Japanese residents in America have long suffered from cruel persecution are a deep disgrace to us. Yet they have patiently endured these, hoping to preserve the peace of the world, and trusting that America would recognize her error in due time. Their patience was harmful to them, since irresponsible American statesmen and politicians came to regard their tolerance as an indication of cowardice and powerlessness. The enactment of the anti-Japanese immigration law is an insult and disgrace of which the history of Japan knows no precedent. Should the Japanese patiently tolerate this insult, their national existence and independence will be seriously endangered.

Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* protested: —

The passage of the bill is not only a challenge to Japan, but also an insult to all the colored races, and needlessly incites racial hatred. No profit will accrue to the United States from such indiscreet action, though it injures the honor and pride of Japan. It is still worse, because the interests of America in the Far East will be seriously prejudiced. It will excite the ill feeling of the colored races toward the United States. We think that the loss which her anti-Japanese immigration measure has inflicted on the United States is greater than her gain.

Yamato, the most moderate of all the papers whose editorial comment has reached us, observes: —

Senators have passed the anti-Japanese immigration bill which they have opposed hitherto, due to offense at our Ambassador's protest. They have been overruled by personal feeling, quite forgetting their great responsibility. This is not what Americans, who profess themselves defenders of equity, justice, humanity, and equality, should do.

Tokyo *Asahi* was equally explicit in its condemnation: —

The barring of emigrants and the mistaken action of the Senate will excite racial hatred. Further we must point out to the world that they greatly hamper, directly or indirectly, the progress of the movement for international peace. If the movement for international peace retrogrades and suffers a setback we hold that the jingoism of the United States is solely responsible.

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The Tokyo Ronin group, under the leadership of Mitsuru Toyama, the enigmatical political boss described in our issue of May 10, who is rumored to exercise such a powerful and semi-mystical influence over Japanese policy, called a meeting at which the action of the Senate was denounced as 'the master stroke which confirms our belief that the white race places its selfish interests and prejudices ahead of the interests of the world, and of justice, fraternity, equality, and humanity, and that this legislation stamps the creed of Christianity as faltering and artificial.'

Later cables from America quoting the protests in the American press, and of American religious and commercial organizations and leaders, against the Senate's action, tempered slightly this indignation. Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* informed its readers: 'Even sensible Americans are resentful at the jingoistic conduct of their own Senate, and are subjecting that body to relentless criticism.' *Jiji* sees 'clearly from the editorials of influential American papers that the adoption of the anti-Japanese immigration law does not represent the general sentiment of Americans toward Japan.' *Hochi* anticipated the adoption of the law, none the less, and urged Japan 'not to accept the consequences of this disgrace with humility.' *Yorodzu* emphasized that the law is aimed not only at Japanese but also at other Asiatics, — 'It is stamping a brand of inferiority on all Asiatics,' — and proceeds from that thesis to an attack upon American policy in China.

Hochi charges English-speaking nations with 'tireless persecution of Asiatics' and adds: 'Although there is no knowing when China and India will become World Powers, and although there is no knowing when all the Asiatic peoples will become united in their common effort to resist the pressure of different races, it is certain that they will be strongly united against that pressure at some future time. If this proves true, it is the English-speaking nations who will be responsible.'

✽

WERE THE PHILIPPINES PROMISED INDEPENDENCE?

THE Philippine Chamber of Commerce, which has a membership of twelve hundred, the largest Chamber outside the continental borders of the United States, has recently published a pamphlet entitled *The Philippine Problem Presented from a New Angle*. The thesis of this pamphlet is that no authoritative promise of independence was ever given to the Filipinos by our Government, although the people of the United States have been led to believe that such a pledge exists. The late Dean Worcester made a careful and documentary study of this alleged promise in his *The Philippines Past and Present*, and 'showed conclusively that no such promise was ever made by responsible persons who alone would be qualified to make it.' The Preamble to the Jones Act does not promise independence, and even if it contained such a promise the latter would have no force, since a preamble is not an integral part of a statute. On the other hand, public discussion in America and the very common though mistaken assumption that an authoritative promise of independence has been given to the Filipinos have undoubtedly led the people of the Islands to expect that our Government will shortly make their country a sovereign and independent State.

✽

HOME CRITICISM OF THE BRITISH PRESS

MR. HUGH REDWOOD, foreign editor of the *Daily News*, in an address to students of journalism at London University upon the place of foreign news in the modern press, declared that Fleet

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Street lacks competent editors, and that the 'man or woman properly trained to subedit foreign news' is one of British journalism's biggest needs. He thought 'a remarkable absence of proportion' one of the most striking things about English newspapers to-day, and that the ratio 'between purely domestic news, news of the Empire, and news from those countries that are properly styled foreign is very far indeed from the true perspective of things.' 'The popular' is not only the current cult, but it is likewise the latent peril of modern journalism. 'The popularity which a large section of our press is seeking to-day is a false and dangerous popularity based upon the abdication of idealism in favor of the crudely materialistic idea embodied in the phrase "giving the public what the public wants." . . . If it be true, which I take leave to doubt, that the public wants stunts, calculated exaggerations, political perversions, it is also true that the public taste grows by what it feeds on. . . . How about a change of diet?'

Mr. Redwood asserted that British papers 'are far behind those of other countries in their analytical and relative presentment of the world's news.' This is partly due, to be sure, to conditions that may prove transitory, but that have been catered to far more liberally than was wise.

After the long horror of the war we needed laughter: the trivialities that entertain the child in all of us tended to restore our balance. Unfortunately we heaped too many of them into the scale, and were, and are, in danger of becoming merely childish. Any subject that appeared dry or, to use the journalistic cant phrase, 'lacking in human interest,' was elbowed out to make room for 'bright' news. Foreign news, obviously, has had to suffer, and the results, nationally and internationally, have been more serious than some of us perhaps realize.

Unless there is improvement in the press, new agencies for reaching the popular mind will be devised. Indeed, they are already taking form: —

The news of five continents will soon be spoken simultaneously into the ears of scores of millions of listeners. And who can doubt that, with this more intimate instruction, there will come a rude awakening for the newspaper that is content to feed its readers on 'stunts' and sensations?

✻

A CURE FOR DEPRESSION

A DISTINGUISHED economist and financial expert, who contributes to the British *Review of Reviews* under the pseudonym 'Economicus,' suggests in its editorial columns the following radical remedy for depression: —

The curse of industry is the alternation of 'booms' and 'slumps' which result from alternate bouts of 'underproduction' and 'overproduction' — that is, in reality, lack of symmetry in production. Adequate statistics alone could tell us when overproduction or its antithesis threatens. We lack such statistics now; but in the years to come, when people have realized that, as Europe is an economic unit, it should have unified economic control, the Chancellor of Europe — or, if you prefer it, the economic adviser to the League of Nations — will have a chart with graphs of primary and secondary production traced upon it. These graphs would move regularly in accordance with the fresh information constantly brought in to the League. When the secondary line tended to outstrip the primary line, the economic adviser would suggest the opening-up of new regions to primary production — to build, say, a railway into Africa or South America or to extend irrigation works to barren regions. Absolutely speaking, there is no such thing as overproduction in the sense that too much has been produced; it is merely that too much of one thing has been produced, and not enough of another. By arrangements to switch energy from one to the other, the evils at present caused by 'overproduction' might be avoided.

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MINOR NOTES

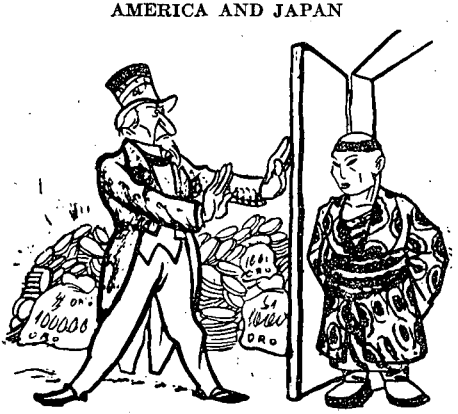
THE migration of skilled workers from Great Britain, not to other parts of the Empire, but to the United States, which affords the best market for their services, is causing considerable concern in the mother country. During the first nine months of last year 20,509 skilled craftsmen in the metal and engineering trades alone left Britain for lands under another flag, of whom nearly 13,000 came to this country.

SYNTHETIC petroleum is one of the pleasing prospects that chemists hold out to the consumer of to-morrow. Experiments in France have shown that it is possible to convert three parts of vegetable oil into approximately two parts of crude petroleum by heating them in a retort — under certain prescribed conditions — with zinc chloride as a catalytic agent. Indeed, French chemists are already prophesying that the palm nuts of their country's vast African possessions will eventually make her independent of foreign oil-barons.

IN the recent Finnish elections the Communists lost nine seats, which the *Morning Post* says is not surprising 'considering that they entered on the election campaign with all their prominent men under arrest and their newspapers suppressed, and were officially prohibited from holding meetings.' The Socialists gained seven seats, so that the combined Left will muster 78 seats in Parliament, while the bourgeois parties have 122 members. On the other hand in Denmark, where the April elections belied all forecasts, the voters have shifted definitely toward the Left. The Liberal Party lost seven seats and the Socialists gained an equal number. This gives the Socialists and Radicals a majority, though of only two members, and has placed the Government in the hands of a Socialist Premier.

ITALY proposes to construct a powerful naval base at Gagliari on the south coast of Sardinia, two hundred miles from Bizerta, in French Tunis, where 100,000 Italian colonists are living discontentedly under an alien flag.

AMERICA AND JAPAN



UNCLE SAM. Keep out! I can't stand yellow.
JAPANESE (*noting America's gold hoard*). It's the very color you adore. — *La Tribuna*

A PROPHETIC CARTOON

Tall pillars crumble first. — *Kladderdatsch*

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FROM KANT TO BERGSON: 1724–1924

BY LORD HALDANE

[*The leading foreign reviews and newspapers have published articles commemorating the bicentenary of the birth of Immanuel Kant. Lord Haldane, Secretary of War in the Asquith Cabinet, and twice Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, is a man of high attainments in philosophy as well as in statesmanship, and the author of notable works in the former field.*]

From the *Westminster Gazette, April* 22
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

KÖNIGSBERG, with the River Pregel running through, itself close to the eastern bay of the Baltic, with keen air and rising ground, impresses one as a natural home for severe and serious thinking. The surroundings of the birthplace of Kant were appropriate to his spirit, just as in other ways those of the Canongate of Edinburgh were to that of Knox, and those of Huntingdon to that of Cromwell. Among a hardy people, one of the greatest spiritual figures the world has seen grew up and lived its life. Kant was stamped with the individuality of his northern city, and he was inspired much more by its merchants than he was by the traditions of the Prussian monarchs with whom that city was also intimately associated.

It is now two hundred years since Kant was born. Yet he is potent as ever in his influence on philosophical thought. People do not adhere to the somewhat rigid and pedantic form in which he gave his system to the world. But the spirit of that system still influences them profoundly. It is worth while to try to indicate what his outlook really was, and how its continuance as a very great one is to be explained.

Before the time of Kant there had been a succession of great metaphysicians. Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Wolff had all inquired into the meaning of reality. But none of them had brought to the solution of their problem the new method which Immanuel Kant evolved. For he raised as fundamental the question of the definite way in which knowledge enters into our experience of objects.

We are confronted by a world that seems to be there independently of our knowledge of it. But then, what is the character of that world? Is not its existence, when we inquire into it, just its significance for us? Are meaning and reality severable? If I think that I see something and call it real, does not that signify that its very nature is to mean what I interpret as no subjective imagining of my private self, but as what will be comprehended in the same way by all who have an experience of it like my own? What cannot be conceivably experienced seems to have no meaning. We may, if we like, speak of things as existing by themselves, but we cannot know or give any rational account of them. They may somehow be the source of an irrational element in our awareness of things, but they are not themselves things of which we can be aware, for in no sense do they enter into direct awareness or become capable of being reasoned about as conceivable objects of awareness.

Starting from this point, Kant pro-

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ceeds to inquire into what we can discover in our awareness of objects, and what being aware of them implies. He examines direct perception, a believing that knowledge generally can be dissected into component elements. He finds that all objects in perception present themselves as brought under two general forms which are imposed on them in the process by the mind. Objects can only appear to us in our experience if they are thus set in frameworks of space and time, or, as in the case of our inward experience of successive feelings, of time alone.

Space and time are thus forms in which mind constructs all the objects of experience. Because this is so they are of a universal character, and we can treat the relations which these forms severally give rise to as obtaining in all the experiences to which they apply, and, therefore, as *a priori* and certainly true. This is the ground of our certainty about arithmetical and geometrical principles. For these stand for conditions to which experience is subject throughout. Still, taken by themselves, space and time so regarded are no more than empty forms in which mind can work. What is it that builds up in them the rich concrete object world we perceive?

To this Kant answers that the raw material of sensation is one factor, but that yet another factor is essential. Mere particular sensation would by itself be nothing, because it could have no significance for us. It could mean nothing at all that we could define, and we could not predicate even existence of it. It is only if relations enter into the constitution of the object that it can be anything for us. We must recognize the material as present to the observing mind in the connections that give such material the characters of substances or of causes or of quantities or qualities. Now these and other such relations are of a nature that can belong to mind alone, for they are modes in which we conceive and judge. It is only through them that the bare raw material of feeling has its significance. They enter thus into reality, as the outcome of the activity of the mind itself.

This activity schematizes — that is, arranges — this raw material in relations in the pure forms of space and time. We come so to the objective world which confronts us, but which in doing so is really dependent on categories of thought. Of these categories or relations Kant held that there were only twelve. His successors vastly extended their number and variety, so as to bring in much more than the mechanical aspects of reality to which Kant confined them. The relations of morality, beauty, and religion entered for them as much into the actual as did for Kant the merely mechanical relations in our experience. For both the categories are foundational of experience. Kant got at his restricted list because his method was to assume as sufficient the list of logical forms which judgment assumes, according to the traditions of the then current logical science.

Because these categories are the conditions under which alone experience is possible, Kant calls them transcendental, as distinguished from transcendent, a name reserved by him for ideas which go beyond experience. The latter do not for him give knowledge of the real; nor are they more than ideals, such as those which our ethical and religious aspirations force on us.

This theory of experience Kant includes in his *Critique of Pure Reason*. The knowledge it deals with is confined to what falls within the limits of the twelve fundamental activities of categories of thought as constitutive of the system of our actual experience, and to the relations in space and time to which they give rise. This Critique cannot,

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therefore, admit as valid any direct knowledge of ends as distinguished from causes operating *ab extra*. The ideas which morality and religion postulate, such as freedom, immortality, and God, lie wholly outside possible experience. None the less, they have to be postulated in order to justify moral and religious certainty and even practice. As such they are made the subject of his second Critique, that of Practical Reason. But he adds yet a third Critique, that of Judgment. Here reflection, acting under the compulsion of forms of thought which regulate experience without entering into its actual constitution, imposes on our view of the world the conception of it as a world of beauty, and one in which ends are operative in addition to causes, as, for instance, in the phenomena of life. That is why we recognize behavior in realization of ends, although we cannot find it in the actual mechanical world which the categories constitute for us.

But it is, of course, obvious to Kant that mind as it is experienced does not make things. Kant's explanation of this is that the word 'mind' is ambiguous. In our consciousness of our own minds we have experience of these as objects in time, falling within the world which the activity of thought creates for us. They are, therefore, ordinary objects in our world and passive. But in the other meaning of the word mind signifies the transcendental activity, or dynamic synthesis, which, operating in the pure forms of space and time, is required to explain the constitution of the relations of experience as encountered in our object world. Mind so interpreted can never itself be an object of experience, because it is itself the condition of there being any such object. It does not here mean the mind of this or that man. It is an activity which is identically present as implied and immanent in all our minds. It may not be other than the thing in itself or God, for all we know. What it does is to fashion reality from within mind, and that is how reality gets meaning, derived from the categories.

It is rather obvious that what Kant has been trying to do in all this is to treat knowledge as though it could somehow be made an object in experience, to dissect it into elements, and in this way to get behind it. His method was a new one. He confined himself to the investigation of what experience implies. He resolutely refused to go further, or to do more than speculate on the identity of the transcendental activity of mind with his thing in itself. But before long criticism was brought to bear on his method. Some of those who believed with him that it was possible to get behind knowledge as an ultimate fact, and to distinguish from it the finally real, identified the ultimate reality with will. That was the course taken by Schopenhauer. Later on the Creative Activity of Bergson was to play an analogous part. Such was one of the streams of tendency which had their origin at the place where Kant himself resolutely stopped.

But there was also a different stream. Its course began with Fichte, and was developed by Schelling. But it did not culminate until the advent of Hegel. That great thinker has been much misinterpreted. People imagine that all that he did was to put forward as a description of the Absolute a system of thought, set out in a dialectical development. Beyond doubt he did proclaim a result somewhat resembling this. But that is the minor and detachable aspect of his teaching. What he did not less was to fashion a new mode of approach to the problem of reality, and the principle of this new mode of approach was the thing he really cared for. A prolonged study of his writings, from

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the *Phenomenology of Mind* onward, has satisfied me that this was so. His fundamental criticism of Kant was that the latter had endeavored to go behind knowledge, and thus to question the instrument apart from which knowledge itself could not be inquired into. Had Hegel lived to-day, I think he would have taken the same point against Mr. F. H. Bradley.

Anyhow, what he insisted on was that knowledge cannot be laid on the dissecting-table and taken to pieces. No doubt it is often imperfect. That is because knowledge itself discloses degrees or levels in its character. But it always presupposes as its foundation an ideal of complete intelligibility, a perfection which it may not be able to reach, but which as an ideal controls from within its procedure. By the standard of this ideal perfection defects in knowledge become intelligible and are assigned to their reasons. It is only because of an inadequate grasp of the real nature of our own human knowledge that reflection and feeling, the universal and the particular, are treated as mutually exclusive. The actual is always individual in form, an individual into which universal and particular enter only as factors or moments, separable in our limited abstraction, but founded in an entirety. From actual fact we must start, and it is what has been named a concrete universal, with the two moments implied in its dynamic or dialectical character. Goethe took a similar view in his discussions on the relation of science to art, and he embodied it not only in his technical writings but in his lyrics.

Kant's ideas about various elements which affect experience, the transcendental unity of knowledge, the finite object self, the forms of space and time, are in this fashion brought into unity in the Hegelian view of knowledge, and these embrace will and feeling as much as abstract thought. With Hegel all these are unified in a foundational mental entirety which is dynamic and not static.

Much water has flowed under the bridge since Hegel wrote. But we have still to understand his point of view, as we have to understand thinkers like Plato, Aristotle and Plotinus. Otherwise we cannot follow properly the great service which Kant himself rendered to the world of reflection in taking the step which he took. The New Realism of to-day, which has gone so far as to recognize the character of universals as inherent in the world of fact, seems to me only a rather one-sided development of the principle laid down by the thinkers I have mentioned. The question which the New Realists will ultimately have to answer is why all universals, as distinguished from selected kinds, do not enter into the object world. If this question is in the end answered affirmatively, the distinction between mind and matter, between realism and idealism, will in the main be superseded.

Let us not forget to-day that it is to the metaphysician of Königsberg, more than to any other single man, that we owe the modern movement for the clarification of thought about things. He remains one of the greatest influences in the development of human knowledge — a figure, too, as potent in its moral as in its intellectual power.

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CHEMISTRY AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

BY EFISIO MAMELI

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Ten years ago a person who predicted that national defense would soon depend as much upon the dye, drug, and chemical industries as upon the metallurgical industries and the manufacture of explosives, would have been rated a dreamer. Nevertheless, there were men — on the German General Staff and in Germany's higher industrial circles — who already knew this, and who had polarized chemical manufacturing around this object. To-day well-informed people everywhere are familiar with these facts, although the masses remain in ignorance of them, partly for want of scientific knowledge, and partly on account of the mental apathy that makes us forget the perils of the past and neglect the perils of the future.

Nevertheless, teachers, military and naval men, and industrialists in the Allied countries are laboring diligently to educate the people on this subject. In Italy our *Comitato Nazionale Scientifico-tecnico*, which is assisted by the Government and by private endowments, has already accomplished notable results. The International Military Medical Congress held at Rome last June occupied itself largely with this topic. The Italian Government, with the experience of the late war vividly before it, has established a Military-Chemical Service, to pursue researches and make practical experiments with the use of chemicals in warfare. But purely technical preparation will amount to nothing unless the country is prepared to produce at a moment's notice vast quantities of certain chemicals which only a highly developed industry can supply.

Is it necessary, therefore, to create a distinct military-chemical industry? No. Fortunately one ray of light brightens the dark picture of future wars: we can produce these death-dealing chemicals promptly and in sufficient quantities with the same manufacturing equipment, slightly modified, that we employ in the service of peace — for example, in factories for making dyes, drugs, photographic supplies, and similar products. The problem of preparing for war to-day is to that extent not markedly different from preparing for the pursuits of peace. It is no longer necessary to impoverish ourselves building battleships and cruisers, manufacturing rifles, cannon, and explosives, and keeping under arms burdensome military forces of the old type which are useless so long as the Temple of Janus is closed. To-day we can strengthen our national defenses most effectively by the intelligent stimulation of our industries, by promoting foreign trade, and by collaborating with other countries in the paths of civilization and progress. But this is subject to one condition: that military and industrial engineering be guided by a vigilant scientific purpose, by a spirit alert to

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every channel of progress, and by an enlightened determination to keep in the vanguard of modern discovery and improvement.

The extent to which military efficiency now depends upon science and engineering, and a close union between science and industry, was abundantly proved during the war, positively by Germany and negatively by the Allies.

The asphyxiating gases, the tear, sneezing, and blistering gases, that Germany introduced into chemical warfare were not a chance discovery. They were the fruits of long and systematic research. Some of them are already of respectable antiquity. Phosgene was discovered by the English chemist, Davy, in 1811, and mustard gas, which wrought such deadly devastation during the last two years of the war, was discovered by Meyer, a German chemist, in 1886, and belongs to a group of chlorethyl sulphides studied by Guthrie as long ago as 1860.

Although Germany became a centre of scientific research later than France and England, she gradually won primacy in this field, until other countries, although they produced equally brilliant and versatile scientists, turned to her as to a great storehouse where they were sure to find ready whatever they needed, from textbooks to apparatus. The same spirit of patient toil and disciplined organization manifested itself in Germany's industry, until her chemicals gradually conquered the markets of the world. Other countries depended on her for these products, either because they found them better than their own, or because domestic manufacturers had been defeated in competition by the trusts and dumping of the Germans. Even England, to whom we owe the discovery of aniline dyes and the first factories for making them, eventually relinquished this field to her Teuton competitors.

Thus German manufacturers chloroformed, so to speak, their foreign rivals, with results that became apparent the moment war broke out. Germany possessed immense plants equipped to produce thousands of tons of industrial chemicals that scientific research had proved deadly to organic life. For instance, at the very outbreak of the war these plants turned out daily forty tons of chlorine, the first gas actually used in battle, which had been hitherto employed chiefly for making synthetic indigo and sulphur black. They also were manufacturing great quantities of phosgene, which is largely employed in the production of many different dyes. Other lethal substances introduced later in the war were easily derived from products previously in use. For instance, the materials from which the Germans prepared mustard gas were already manufactured in large quantities for making artificial indigo, with which Germany had driven natural indigo completely out of the commercial market since 1897.

This close coöperation between science and industry was transformed the moment hostilities broke out into equally intimate coöperation between science and the army. While Krupp was ready to cast into the war vortex thousands of cannon, airplanes, bombs, and other military machines, the great chemical works of Hoeschst, employing over eight thousand operatives, including well toward a thousand trained chemists and engineers, the Badische Works, with eleven thousand operatives, and the Bayer Works of approximately equal size — all of which were united in a powerful trust with an aggregate capital of $100,000,000 — were ready to supply at once enormous quantities not only of explosives, but

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also of the poisonous gases used in chemical warfare. Germany's daily output of chlorine quickly rose from forty tons to sixty tons. Her output of mustard gas, which was not manufactured when the war began, reached one thousand tons a month in 1918, and was still insufficient for the enormous demand at the front. On March 9 of that year 200,000 mustard-gas shells were fired into a single French sector, and before the close of the war these shells formed eighty per cent of all the projectiles that the German army used.

The Allies were forced to face this powerful organization without adequate chemical industries or research institutions. When Germany first used chlorine on the Western Front, on April 22, 1915, her enemies were totally unprepared for this new development. They could neither defend themselves against it nor retaliate. From that date onward the Germans had the initiative in every new phase of this warfare, whether chemical, physiological, or tactical. They made the successive changes from choking gases to tear gases, to sneezing gases, and to burning gases; from wave attacks to gas-shell bombardments; from hand-to-hand gas-fighting to long-range fighting, where highways, batteries, concentration points, and supporting posts were inundated for hours or days with lethal agencies; and last of all they introduced gas camouflage — the use of substances that made it difficult or impossible to identify the kind of gas employed.

All this time the Allies were busy improvising, under the spur of necessity, scientific staffs and chemical plants, neither of which, naturally, could give the results and the output that the urgency of the case demanded. Much of their effort was necessarily devoted to defense, to devising substances and apparatus for counteracting the constantly changing German methods of attack. Though wonders were accomplished, — I need only recall that between July 1915 and November 1918 the French and the English turned out more than 17,000,000 gas shells, — and although in one or two instances they beat the Germans at their own game, nevertheless a dispassionate examination of the history of gas warfare from 1915 to 1918 shows that the Allies remained to the last inferior to the enemy, especially in respect to quantity and promptness of production.

Germany manufactured twice as much chlorine and poison gas between 1917 and 1918 as France and England together; and the interval between the discovery of a new gas and its use at the front was a few weeks in case of the Germans and several months in case of the Allies, even after the latter had got under full headway. Every new gas employed by the Germans set back the Allied campaign until the effects of the gas could be studied and measures to combat it had been devised. For instance, the Germans began to use mustard gas in July 1917. The Allies were able to identify it a few days later, but it was not until eleven months afterward that they were in a position to use it themselves.

When the Americans entered the war, it was with a full appreciation of the important part that chemistry played in the conflict. Their contribution came late, but it is well to remember that they immediately erected a gigantic chemical arsenal at Edgewood, with a staff of twelve hundred professional chemists and engineers and seven hundred laboratory assistants, where they began investigating more than four thousand kinds of gas, and that their researches have continued without interruption since that date.

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After this very brief review of the experience of the recent past, let us cast a glance ahead. It is premature to speculate as yet upon whether the great battles of the future will be fought with asphyxiating and poison gases, — possibly attacking organs and nerve centres as yet immune, — tanks, airplanes, submarines, or electromagnetic waves. But this is certain: since the general movement toward disarmament now condemns vast military arsenals, the element of surprise in future wars will be contributed by private industry, which cannot be abolished or restricted, since it lies behind all scientific and economic progress. That is why Articles 168 and 169 of the Versailles Treaty, designed to limit the manufacture of munitions, will have little practical effect. We may enforce military disarmament; but we cannot enforce chemical disarmament. Consequently, no industrial nation will henceforth be truly disarmed, since chemistry has radically revolutionized all our previous ideas of military science.

But if we cannot abolish or restrict chemical industry or stop its logical expansion, we can at least prevent that industry from ever again falling into the hands of one or two nations. Every Great Power is compelled to-day to promote chemical technology and private chemical industries to the utmost, unless it is ready to expose itself helplessly to the aggression of other Powers.

As a remedy for this situation, some suggest that all countries should exchange information regarding processes of manufacturing the ultimate products employed in chemical warfare — in other words, pool their researches for the benefit of all. It would not be necessary to establish special laboratories for that purpose. Those already attached to dye works and other chemical establishments would suffice. Such an organization would differ from every form of military collaboration hitherto devised, because its labors would serve the industries of peace as well as the pursuits of war.

People may ask if the Great Powers will agree to such coöperation. Would it not beget mutual distrust, jealousy, and arrogant attempts at hegemony? The answer is that there is only one nation in the world — the United States — that might repeat, perhaps on an even vaster scale, such a scientific and industrial conquest as Germany's before the war. That country alone embraces within its continuous territories the raw materials and the sources of energy necessary to build up such a gigantic industry, as well as the scientific knowledge and engineering skill to carry such an enterprise to success. But the nations of Europe, if they wish to defend themselves either against Germany or against the United States, cannot work separately. They must coöperate.

To-day the chain that bars the door of every country against foreign invasion has three links: scientific research, industrial production, military application. To imagine that such a chain will hold without forging strongly all three of these links is folly. Since it is impossible for each nation, acting alone, to forge such links for peace and war, for wealth and defense, we must, unless we are willing to face the future unprepared, coöperate with our neighbors on a basis advantageous for all, and compatible with true ideals of world harmony.

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CHANGING CHINA

BY PROFESSOR EMIL LEDERER

[*The following article by a distinguished professor of Social Science at the University of Heidelberg and the Imperial University of Tokyo, is a companion study to 'Awakening India,' published in the* Living Age *last week.*]

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CHINA is distinguished from Japan by being a country of walled towns, of ant-hill cities of crowded little houses and tiny shops opening upon the street, of cities where people work, play, study, and with rare exceptions eat regularly and well. A normal Chinaman's life centres in his family — it is a private life. The family is a community in itself. While there are city governments, provincial governments, and a national administration, these are relatively loose and alien superstructures in his scheme of life. The typical Chinaman is neither a Nationalist nor a militarist.

These people have a keen instinct for autonomy that expresses itself in economic life through a complex and ancient guild-system. These guilds, however, have never assumed political functions. They have never tried to exercise governmental authority as the mediæval guilds did in Europe, and as kartels and trusts — which are twentieth-century producers' guilds — try to do in the modern State. These Chinese societies, in a word, express in a broader sphere the family ideal. They do not transcend private functions.

The Chinaman, therefore, is fundamentally a private citizen and fundamentally a pacifist. He never idealizes a robber brigand into a knight. Up to the present, American and European sports — the modern kindergarten of the military spirit — have not captivated these people the way they have the Japanese.

Public affairs therefore do not interest the Chinese masses. This vast social organism pursues confident and undisturbed its immemorial, self-centred existence. Its people know they will assimilate the foreign influences now bearing upon them as completely and silently as they assimilated the Manchus. To be sure, the whole land is in a ferment. Western thought is thrilling its farthest confines. A political revolution is in process of accomplishment. These changes have even invaded the family circle where, for instance, the status of woman is being profoundly modified. But all this does not materially affect the attitude of the individual toward the State. Though China may seem to be in a condition of flux, or drifting into banditry and anarchy, its confusion and weakness are largely on the surface. The heart of the nation beats as vigorously as ever in its impenetrable seclusion.

Although we Europeans catch only occasional and partial glimpses of that deeper world, they prove that the Chinese are a nation, that this people forms a vital, living, cultural community. Foreign rule would make no impression on them, because they do not reverence or venerate the State. Moreover, the brutalities of foreign govern-

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ments and the example of Japan have put the people upon their guard. The young generation, the intellectuals who were educated in Japan and America, the men in charge of large industrial enterprises, the cultivated middle classes, are beginning to guide this giant commonalty. Theirs will be a national leadership, for the Western cultural invasion is stirring the masses deeply, and they are no longer apathetic toward either economic exploitation or territorial aggression; as, for example, the anti-Japanese boycott showed. The growth of modern industry — and statistics show that this industry is preponderantly in Chinese hands — is building up powerful economic interests insistent upon political independence. So the present indifference of the Chinaman toward the State may not last forever. That State is never likely to become imperialist, but its leaders are even now thinking betimes of a protected national market.

In spite of these new life-currents and organic tendencies, which are re-forming the Chinese nation around new nerve-centres, China is still the most opaque area in Asia for the social scientist of the West. He is met at the gateway of his investigation by such preliminary queries as: Will the North or the South attain political ascendancy? Will the military or the civilian authorities control the government? Will China lean upon the United States, or Japan, or Russia in her foreign policies? Yet none of these questions is as yet ripe for an answer. China is still to the outsider the sick man of the Far East, but vigorous convalescence is already apparent. The professional diplomat whose mind runs automatically in a political rut may imagine China is weaker to-day than she was ten years ago, but if we study the latent but already obvious forces at work beneath the surface we are likely to reach the opposite conclusion.

A decade or more of revolution has left the Central Government a hollow shell. In the old days provincial governors were strangers in their jurisdictions who depended upon the support of Peking; to-day they are military commanders and local potentates ready and able to defy the central authorities. But these commanders can keep together an army only so long as they pay it. The moment they fail to do so, their troops spontaneously disband and take to banditry.

Yet the resulting lawlessness and confusion is not so intolerable as a stranger might assume. Outrages do not occur in such close succession, nor do they affect such large areas, as newspaper accounts might lead one to believe. The masses for the most part continue to live and labor in peace. The peasant and the artisan of the interior or of the treaty ports give little thought to whether the President has been legally elected, to whether he is a civilian or a soldier, a Northerner or a Southerner, to whether he can pay his soldiers and officials, or to what diplomats may think of him and his government. Beneath the fog of political confusion, men are toiling, producing, consuming, importing, and exporting, except so far as some patriotic boycott stops foreign trade. Business and politics ordinarily go their separate ways.

The currency shows how loose their connection is. China was the first country in the world to have a purely token money. When Europe still used metal, China already had inflation — although her notes were printed upon silk. The principle of a metallic reserve was also understood; and as early as 1378 A.D. a Chinese economist, Ik Chu-kee, published a work in which he discussed with great insight and logic the use of paper currency for the purpose of stabilizing prices.

Chu-kee's *Art of Making Money* did

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not bear fruit in actual practice, partly because China has never been an imperialistic country. Her economic strength has never been systematically sapped by universal military service and foreign wars, and by the fiscal legerdemain needed to finance them. She had recourse to such expedients only temporarily, during the Mongol Dynasty.

Happy country! To-day, when Europe is bogged in a morass of paper money, the Chinese Government lacks the authority to make its notes pass current. As a result, every kind of money is in circulation. There are coins of the central mint at Tientsin and of other Government mints, including those set up by individual tuchuns. Consequently the country has not a depreciated currency, although it has an utterly disorganized one. The relation of the various kinds of money to each other is constantly changing, often quite irrationally, and whoever transacts business must be ever on the alert if he is to avoid serious losses from this cause.

Yet the situation might be worse. China's political weakness is a positive benefit so far as it protects the people from an inflation crisis. Her chaotic currency is not a symptom of hopeless economic or social disorganization. Neither is the chaos of government finance to be judged by the pessimistic canons we apply to similar situations in Europe. Europe's financial crises — for instance, in France before her Great Revolution; in England during and following the Napoleonic Wars; and in practically all the recently belligerent countries to-day — have been due to an intolerable burden of taxation. Public expenditures are immeasurably beyond the economic power of the people to bear them. This causes class dissension, each stratum of the population trying to shove the burden upon another. Consequently, private economics in Europe are inseparably associated with public economics. In China, on the other hand, the public debt is comparatively small, and it is not a political issue because the Chinese pay practically no taxes. Indeed, that is precisely what makes China's national debt a puzzling problem. This debt now amounts to about five American dollars per capita. Great Britain's debt is three hundred and thirty times as large. National, provincial, and local taxes aggregate theoretically a little more than sixty cents in American currency per capita, but this is only nominal, because these taxes are paid neither promptly nor in full.

So the Chinese live out of touch, so to speak, with their Government. And the Government serves the people as little as the people serve it. The Central Administration runs on chiefly through foreign loans. These loans are less burdensome than they would be otherwise, because European currency has depreciated, silver has risen, and China's resources are constantly growing. China is not a colony, but an independent commonwealth. This is not always recognized, and the Great Powers have often treated the country as if it were a Turkey or a Hottentot community. But since the Chinese revolution, the defeat of Germany, and Soviet Russia's successful resistance to the combined attack of the Allies, China's respect for the Western Powers has diminished, and their demands no longer do more than arouse patriotic resentment. China was an 'Associated Power' in the war against Germany and her allies. It is no longer possible to treat her as a protectorate. Indeed she could, were she so disposed, shake off her whole foreign debt by a single determined effort. I do not predict that immediately, but the younger generation, which resents outside interven-

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tion keenly, may accomplish this emancipation.

Should China wipe out her debt abroad, foreign control of her customs would terminate, and foreign courts would be compelled to relinquish their present limited jurisdiction within her territories. What could Europe or America do under such circumstances? With India insurgent, with Japan jealously watching for a chance to drive Westerners out of Asia, with Russia looming behind China as her 'natural ally,' is it practicable to maintain the present ascendancy of Europe and America there by the old instrumentalities of dollar diplomacy, warships, and soldiers? That exceeds their power. China needs only to will independence in order to possess it.

From what sources does China draw her potential strength? Unquestionably from the fact that her language, her writing, her ways of thinking, her ethical and social standards are peculiarly her own, and unlike those of any other nation. These distinctive characteristics profit the Western invader only so long as his methods, his science, his products, are recognized to be superior, or at least are tolerated with a certain indulgence. A China confident of herself has a thousand ways of resisting foreign influence. She differs in this respect from a South American republic, whose capitalistic structure renders it comparatively defenseless against a stronger capitalist aggressor.

Will China attain such self-consciousness? Will she ever enter the path that Japan has followed, and that India is beginning to tread?

Japan and China have always been fundamentally different countries. Japan has possessed throughout her history a highly nationalist discipline and a well-ordered bureaucracy. Possibly it would not be overstraining the point to say that Japan has a longer continuous administrative history than any existing European Government. Changing dynasties have never broken that continuity. The country has never lived under foreign sway. Her complete isolation during the Shogunate was typical of her national character, of her determination to be self-sufficient and independent. China, on the other hand, has always shown a certain political passivity, and has been independent only when she had no powerful neighbors to rule her. Is she therefore capable of resolutely asserting her political autonomy? Is the teaching of Confucius, which more than any other influence is responsible for this national passivity, no longer dominant among her people?

China is drawing new strength from the modern capitalist system she has adopted from abroad. Her people, it is true, have never developed a capitalist spirit of their own, but they unquestionably assimilate that spirit with great ease. They have always been good business men. They were, and remain to-day, preponderantly a farming people. Their habits of thought are different from those of a Western merchant, especially in the large part that custom and tradition play in their trading practices. When European firms and European business methods invaded China, the native merchant was forced to choose between adopting the new business methods or becoming subordinate to the stranger. European tradesmen began by treating China like a colony, but they speedily learned that this was impossible. Language difficulties, uncertain and risky transportation, currency fluctuations, sharp variations in prices and demand made trustworthy Chinese employees indispensable. The result was the comprador system; and to-day no foreign business house of any importance can do without this native business agent.

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Consequently Western commercial penetration in China has not sunk beneath this cuticle of Chinese middlemen — of compradors and shroffs.

What does that signify? That the European has never got a real foothold in China. When he tried to treat that country like a colony he reckoned without his host. There has been no Europeanization of China in a business sense. To be sure, capitalism is creeping in around the borders, but it is a capitalism of the Chinese and for the Chinese. Their preponderance here is growing steadily, partly because foreigners regard China as a place to make a fortune as quickly as possible and then get out. Therefore foreign capital is constantly being withdrawn from local enterprises, while the Chinaman reinvests all that he makes in his own country.

Another condition unfavorable for the stranger is that capitalist expansion in China must be toward the interior. That interior offers the great future market for European and American wares; it is the source of the raw materials and manufactures that China exports. This inland empire is commercially accessible for Europeans only through Chinese middlemen.

China's economic independence is fortified still further by the fact that she is one of the greatest producers of raw materials in the world. She already ranks third in cotton — next to the United States and India; she is one of the greatest exporters of raw and manufactured silk; and of late years she has become an important supplier of beans and bean cake. While her coal, iron, and steel industries are still in their infancy, they promise much for the future. Manufacturing for the domestic market is mostly in Chinese hands. To be sure, American, Japanese, and English capital has been invested in Chinese factories, — in iron and steel works, shipbuilding, breweries, brick and cement plants, and certain minor industries, — but even in this field there is far more Chinese than imported capital. Local investments bulk still larger, both absolutely and relatively, in cotton-spinning, flour-milling, electrical works, oil mills, rice-polishing, and silk-manufacturing.

Chinese industry, it is safe to prophesy, will become the backbone of Chinese nationalism. I do not mean that this will start an imperialist movement, for the Chinese people lack every qualification for that. But Chinese industry will be able to guarantee the nation economic self-direction, to control the Chinese market, to prevent alien capitalist control from developing into alien political control. China differs from Russia or the United States in being a land of ancient culture, with large but unmeasured capital reserves for investment.

Thus China presents the unique picture of a politically powerless social organism that, on account of its size, its distinctive character, its rapid industrial development, is speedily growing stronger and more self-sufficient. Japan protected herself against Western aggression by consciously adopting European methods, by modeling her bureaucracy, her schools, her army, her fleet, upon those of the Western Powers. China has not up to the present pursued that course, and presumably will not do so. But she will soon become strong enough, by her industry and her economic development, to emancipate herself from her existing obligations to the outside world.

With the growth of China's industry, the idea of nationality and the necessity of a strong government will rapidly take hold of the people. Modern methods of production cannot dispense with efficient government. We may regard it characteristic of China that the nationalization of the railways

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and of some other productive enterprises promises to lead to the true nationalization of the government, instead of the reverse as in Europe. Altogether, one cannot escape the conviction that economic forces are irresistibly changing China into a modern State.

Apparently the United States, which is the strongest Power on the Pacific, has been the first to appraise this situation truly. Relations between the two countries were for many years merely perfunctory. Not until recently, since America's domestic market has ceased to absorb the products of her growing industries, has she taken a real interest in China. To-day there is a lively trade between them. It is characteristic of America, however, that she depends as largely upon indirect as direct agencies to win markets. She has invested as much money in missions and schools in China as in business enterprises, and unquestionably the former, especially the higher institutions of learning, quietly but effectively cultivate a demand for American goods. The method of the United States might be described as 'Americanizing through the Chinese' — a very effective way of winning new markets where no ulterior political designs are cherished.

FAREWELL TO THE RED RESERVISTS

BY M. FRUNZE

[This appeal is addressed to the recruits born in 1901, who have now finished their term of service and return to private life. It is signed by Trotskii's chief secretary in the War Commissariat.]

From *Izvestia, March 29*
(Soviet Government Official Daily)

Comrade! Thou hast ended thy term of service and art returning home.

Thy foremost duty is constantly to remember that the capitalists of all countries still look with hatred and anger upon our worker-peasant State — the only such State in the world. Remember this, and at the first call of the Soviet Government be ready to return to the colors and to bar the enemy from our house with a wall of bayonets.

In the midst of thy peaceful labor, do not sever thy connection with the Red Army and with thy particular regiment. Write to the commander, to the Commissar, to the comrades, about the way thou livest at home.

To ease the burden of military service, the Soviet Government has put a number of regiments on the territorial basis, so that their members can be trained outside the barracks, near their native villages. Only the minimum number possible of regular troops will be kept under arms, to guard our frontiers and to keep in training our junior officers and military experts. This will make army service easier and will save money and labor.

Tell your village friends about our plans, and explain to them that this

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reform can be introduced with safety to the State only if all the working people in the city and in the country heartily support it by loyal and conscientious service at the colors during their short periods of peace-time drill, so that they may become competent and well-trained soldiers.

Furthermore, give your attention, and exhort others to give their attention, to training young boys in military tactics. Unless our young boys grow up able to read and write and well trained in military science, our territorial forces will not be a disciplined army, but a mob. The education of our young boys in school subjects and military tactics is the primary condition for the success of our new military system.

Tell the village people that the Red Army still remains an army of workers and peasants, that it is the army of the laboring people; that the non-labor element, the tightwads and the bourjooy, have no place in it; that under the present established law these elements will serve only in auxiliary units at the rear, and, if they are not needed there, they will pay a heavy tax for the benefit of the Red Army.

Tell them furthermore that not only in the rank and file of the Red Army, but among her highest officials, more and more posts are held by workers and peasants. Even now more than four fifths of all commanding officers are sons of workers and peasants, and the proportion is growing every month.

If they ask thee, 'Why now introduce a two-year term of service?' explain that formerly there were different terms of service for different arms: a year and a half for the infantry, two years and a half for cavalry, engineering, tanks, liaison, and an even longer term in other branches. It has now been decided to have equal terms for all, except such highly specialized branches as the air service and the navy.

This is more equal for all; and if we had not done this we should be compelled to call in some of the recruits in the spring, which would be extremely inconvenient for the peasants. Now we shall call all our recruits to the colors in the autumn.

Finally, as an increasing share of the army is reorganized into territorial units, fewer and fewer men will be called to the standing army; ultimately we want to convert the latter into a system of military schools for preparing commanding officers. To be an efficient commanding officer a good deal of studying is required.

Then there is the last commandment for thee to remember: never forget thy oath of allegiance to the cause of the working people.

No matter where thou art or what thou art doing, be a sure stronghold and a defender of the Soviet Government. Help to abolish lawlessness in the villages; observe everything that may go wrong there; help the poorer people to organize against the tightwads; and help in every way to enlighten thy fellow citizens.

Remember that the Soviet Government is founded on the solid rock of harmony between peasants and workers. Labor incessantly to strengthen the connection between city and village.

If danger should ever threaten Sovietland, be prepared to seize thy rifle and spring to her defense.

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE

[*The opening of the British Empire Exposition at Wembley lends interest to the following account of the first great international fair held in London nearly three quarters of a century ago.*]

From the *Times, April 25*
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

'I wish you *could* have witnessed the 1*st May*, 1851, the greatest day in our history, the *most beautiful* and *imposing* and *touching* spectacle ever seen, and the triumph of my beloved Albert. Truly it was astonishing, a fairy scene. Many cried, and all felt touched and impressed with devotional feelings. It was the *happiest, proudest* day in my life, and I can think of nothing else. Albert's dearest name is immortalized with this *great* conception, *his* own, and my *own* dear country *showed* she was *worthy* of it. The triumph is *immense*, for up to the *last hour* the difficulties . . . were immense. . . . *You* will be astounded at this great work when you see it! — the beauty of the building and the vastness of it all. I can never thank God enough. I feel *so* happy, so proud. Our dear guests were much pleased and impressed.'

Thus wrote Queen Victoria to her 'Dearest Uncle,' the King of the Belgians, on May 3, in the year of the Crystal Palace, still tremblingly excited by the Prince Consort's personal success and the brilliant inauguration ceremonies of a marvelous enterprise. The Great Exhibition had all the elements of novelty and vastness that in every age impress the crowd. It was all that Queen Victoria thought it, and more. It attracted the attention of the world and the profound interest of all classes in the United Kingdom and Ireland; personal contributions coming from people as diversely placed as the Lady Ashburnham, who sent 'a bag of hops grown within three miles of the sea, in the parish of Guestling, Sussex,' and 'three poor Irish workmen,' who showed a chair fashioned of bog oak which they had dug up and carved themselves.

The Queen dwells not at all on the exhibits, but in view of the opening of the British Empire Exhibition it is interesting to take a glance through the Catalogue and Guide of 1851. It is a modest affair of small print and one small plan, but it carries a mine of information, and flashes before us in a single word many aspects of a vanished day. Time is the one sure artist, the great illusionist, painting for us with a delicate glamour even such things as 'black cassimere pantaloons (for gentlemen)' and 'ladies' paletots worked to fit the shape,' and touching with strange romance 'orrerries, and armillary spheres,' dissolving views, lunarians, and transparencies of the moon, 'bleeding instruments to supersede all other forms of cupping,' and 'the registered melior, an appendage to chairs, to hold gloves, fans, bouquets, &c., while ladies are at dinner.'

The title-page of the Catalogue of the 'Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations' carries a text from the Psalms, and two Latin verses, which are also printed in English: —

The earth is the Lord's and all that therein is:
The compass of the world and they that dwell therein.

Say not the discoveries we make are our own;
The germs of every art are implanted within us.
And God our Instructor from hidden sources
develops the faculties of invention.

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The Progress of the Human Race,
Resulting from the labor of all men,
Ought to be the final object of the exertion of each individual.
In promoting this end
We are accomplishing the will of the great and blessed God.

The Royal exhibits are first specially described. Those objects lent by the Queen included the Koh-i-noor, a wool carpet 'worked by 150 British ladies,' a cradle richly carved with every sort of symbolic figure, portraits of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort in every medium from Sèvres china to zinc, jewelry, harness, and furniture. Prince Albert showed German statuary, a bushel each of wheat, oats, and beans grown at Windsor, a garden seat made of cannel coal from the estate of Rear-Admiral Wemyss in Fifeshire, and 'two brocaded dresses, two shawls, and a specimen of coarse cloth, the weft of dresses, shawls, and cloth being of cashmere wool from goats kept in Windsor Park.' Count Ernest of Coburg-Gotha sent 'fruit stones of various sizes carved by a penknife.' Queen Pomare of the Society Islands exhibited native cloth and headdresses, but her name is not mentioned until the end of the book.

The western half of the building housed the British and Colonial exhibits, which were divided into thirty classes. The eastern half was allotted to foreign countries. The name of the country or the exhibit was shown on a red banner 'conspicuously blazoned so as to attract the eye of visitors perambulating the principal avenue and the galleries in various directions.'

The exhibits were by no means classified with strictness; 'Philosophical, Musical, Horological, and Surgical Instruments' were in one section; 'Architecture, Building, Engineering' in another; 'Substances Used as Food' in a third; and fabrics, machinery, lace, art, and so on elsewhere, but many odd things turned up in all of these places without much rhyme or reason. It must have been a distracting problem to place some of the entries.

Unexpectedly enough a number of women are among the inventors. Janet Taylor, of a nautical family, boldly shows a 'bronze binnacle with compass designed from the water-lily.' A solid pulp blotting-roller, a spinal chair, a 'corporiform corset,' an improved roasting apparatus with self-baster and heat-reflector, and 'a window-cleaner for the protection of female servants' are all shown by women. A man is responsible for the 'piece of mechanism of 7000 pieces to expand, being a likeness of the human figure from the standard size of Apollo to colossal proportions,' but it is a woman who shows and probably 'composed' 'a caddy formed of rare and valuable shells to the number of 100,000: the interior of the lid displays a bouquet of flowers worked in beads.'

The clergy are represented either by an innocent collection of spars and fossils or by some preposterous invention. The Reverend Mr. Oldfield shows 'crystalline quartz adapted for useful or ornamental purposes,' and the Reverend J. G. Cumming 'carboniferous limestone from the Isle of Man, specimens of granite, marble, &c.' The Prior of the Monastery, Hymettus, sends 'a piece of marble found near Athens.' But the Bishop of Eubœa sends a jar of honey! The Reverend W. Mitchell has to his credit 'Horn of a bull with iron frame and stuffed buffer attached to prevent goring. Motto in 11 different languages. Somniferous electric brush to ensure repose. Model of a railway carriage and an engine, with a plan to prevent accidents.' The Reverend G. Mitchell, D.D., Linlithgow, who must surely be a brother of the preceding, shows a model of a 'safety carriage which can be stopped from the inside. Described in 50 different lan-

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guages.' The Reverend Mr. Calvert displays 'Specimen of pyrography executed upon lime-tree with a common poker heated to a red heat.' Beside this ought to be seen — only she has strayed into another category — Isabella Mills, showing 'engravings etched with hot irons, her own invention.' A 'Subito-Volta' is a patent revolving bookshelf, a 'Multum-in-Uno' is a papier-mâché device that seems to begin as a desk and end as a waste-paper basket, a 'Ballistina' is recommended to expand the chest, pebbles are cut like diamonds or fitted like mosaic, tablecloths take eighteen years to make from a thousand shreds.

Women come into their own in the sphere of needlework and wax-modeling. They show little sculpture or painting. But uncounted are the exhibitors of 'Mary, Queen of Scots, Mourning over the Dying Douglas in Berlin Wool,' 'Raphael in the Vatican in Berlin Wool,' 'The Last Supper in French Floss' — also in German wool. We would give something to see Miss Hayes's 'pictures composed in needlework and seed-beads; the Successful Deerstalkers, the Chorister Boys, and Our Saviour Administering the Sacrament'; Miss Vokes's 'braided table-cover on a new principle,' Anna Maria Blackburn's 'Northwest view of Lincoln Cathedral, on white silk with the rovings of black lutestring'; Anne Hosking's fruit, pastry, and vegetables executed in wax; and Miss Lumsden's 'Tableau of fruit and flowers modeled in wax and festooned in acorns and leaves.' The 'embroidered lace smoking-caps,' the circular, long, and worked shawls, the 'falls' and mantles are numberless. There are even 'chessmen in needlework, the pawns representing Her Majesty's Bodyguard,' and a hand-screen in stamped gutta-percha with preserved real flowers. Elizabeth Rebecca Chambers (Dublin) exhibits a carpet worked 'for the benefit of the Society for Promoting the Scriptural Education of the Native Irish.'

There were, too, infant prodigies in 1851. A young person of fourteen, her name suppressed, shows an embroidered map of the United Kingdom; Master Barber, aged ten, of Soho, is the exhibitor of a number of figures and landscapes cut out of paper with scissors, 'no design having first been traced'; Miss Moorsom, of Kennington, aged thirteen, exhibits London Street Scenes and Figures executed in gutta-percha. This medium is the rage; stamped, gilded, adorned with shells, flowers, and ribbons, it takes a thousand terrifying shapes and seems to be in every home.

The contributions from the United States were various and included all the natural products and manufactures, machinery, objects of art, and specimens of newspapers. Dentistry took a leading place, and Philadelphia, the home of that science, offered sets of teeth in hippopotamus tusk, ivory, and minerals, block-teeth on an improved principle, and an engaging series of dental instruments. Other 'samples' difficult to classify were chewing-tobacco, parlor-stove, 'gate so constructed as to be opened by a rider without getting off the carriage seat' (surely the invention of a clergyman!); autumn leaves; a bust of Bishop Upfold; an 'air-exhausted coffin intended to preserve the dead from putrefaction'; portrait of a Newfoundland dog in Stained Glass; a gossamer wig; cornhusk mattresses; the Raising of Jairus's Daughter in Embroidery; portable parlor greenhouse.

Canada sent machinery, fabrics, minerals, specimens of Indian work, and barrels of grain, and the first lacrosse team to cross the sea, captained by Jack Canadian, a Caughnawaga Indian. He talked of it to his dying day, and treasured the signed

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photograph given to him by the 'Great Queen' herself.

The German exhibits were, of course, very comprehensive.

Fabrics and garments had poetic and lovely names in 1851, apart from Albert check and Albert cloth and Victoria velvet damask, 'drab thickset constitution,' twilled bandanas, and such. But barrathea, paraphanton, ponchos, mantuas, and genappe cord sound like a charm. Names seem simpler now, but possibly a drapers' gazette would disclose still calimancos, shalloons, cubicas, union princettas, Circassian cloth, balzarine brocade, bombazets, linen listados, fearnought, and Sardinians for waistcoats, tamboured and Villoner scarves, and 'died yarn floated with silk.'

Not the least interesting pages of the old Catalogue are those containing the advertisements, which offer so quietly and so respectfully wares of a long-forgotten excellence. This does not apply to the Liverpool Street dentist who offers 'Sets of teeth very far in advance, fixed without pain.' Men's dress shirts are 6*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.*; Jean Marie Farina sells a dozen bottles of his best quality eau de Cologne at 24*s.* the dozen, second quality 9*s.* 6*d.* the dozen! 'Burnham River Native Oysters' are 6*s.* and 8*s.* 6*d.* a barrel, and John Sweeting, 159, Cheapside, 'very superior Oyster Rooms,' advertises 'a good dish of fish for ten, 5*s.*' Madame Tussaud quietly announces that she has now been established fifty years, and has a display of 160 Public Characters, and she adds a recommendation from the *Times* to visit her exhibition, which is 'most interesting.'

Amusement as a thing by itself played no part in the Great Exhibition. There must, of course, have been the immemorial accompaniment to festivals and fairs in the shape of entertainers, musicians, and hawkers, but the Royal Commission ignored them. Instruction was, properly, amusement enough in the good Victorian days. It began in the roads leading through the park to the building, which were crowded with exhibits of coal and minerals, with statuary that represented a number of people reposing, or praying, or dying, or resigning themselves to fate in colossal groups; Sin Triumphant, the Queen on her favorite horse, Milton and his daughters, and so forth; and other objects calculated to impress the mind — an ancient bell from Montreal, and the lower jaw of a sperm whale.

Food was provided in a 'dining-room for the contributors,' and in two refreshment rooms, and with these the six million people who were estimated to have seen the Exhibition had to be content. They probably were so, as the necessity for public eating was then much less.

Wembley, with its elaborate machinery for amusement pure and simple, and its endless restaurants and clubs, proposes to instruct, amuse, and feed some twenty-five million people in the next six or eight months. If the power of being pleased and impressed has not proportionately waned in seventy years, our dear guests should be able to enjoy themselves. In another seventy years the little effort of 1924 may seem very quaint indeed.

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THE PANTHER-MAN. II

BY RAFAEL ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ

[This story by the same author as 'Our Lady of the Afflicted,' published in the Living Age *of April 26, is taken from the volume entitled,* El Señor Monitot, *mentioned in that issue. Its original publication was delayed for several years until the permanent President of Guatemala, where the author resided, was overthrown.]*

WHILE the merriment was at its height and the satellites of General Vargas were trying to maintain a precarious equilibrium between the excesses of their brutish appetites and respect for their formidable host, — like children taking advantage of the momentary laxness of a stern schoolmaster, — the proprietor of the hotel hastened in, and bending over the Chief with professional obsequiousness, reënforced by a tremor of trepidation, stammered apologetically: 'Your Excellency will pardon me, but it seems that a message has come from the Federal District. As your Excellency has ordered —'

'What is it?'

The blue cover of the telegram put us on the qui vive. The General, who with all his lavishness as a host made no affectation of courtesy, without further apology opened it and read it silently. A mere hint of a scowl flickered across his brow, but instantly his face resumed its normal repose.

Though Vargas himself never drank, he did not discourage the habit in any but his immediate subordinates. He had scarcely finished reading when he himself ordered our glasses to be filled all around. We emptied them in silence, feeling a sudden menace in the air, subtly aware that something disagreeable impended. It was as if a hidden mine were about to explode and dash the delicate goblets in our hands into a thousand fragments.

The anxious silence that ensued was finally broken by the voice of General Vargas. It was addressed to the bull-necked man opposite us. 'We are accustomed to changing our names, are n't we, Señor Esquival? Why did you lie about it? Why were you so stupid as to take refuge in the very shadow of José de Vargas?'

Esquival drew his chair quickly back from the table. A fraction of a second later the men stood facing each other, erect, with revolvers in their hands.

However, although not another word was spoken, an instinct of self-preservation told Señor Esquival he was a dead man if he moved a muscle. The table separated them. Esquival stood absolutely motionless, like one of those bronze statues of animals that adorn our parks. He held his revolver in his right hand, but pointed directly toward the ground. His head was bowed and he glowered in front of him with rolled-up eyes, like a bull about to charge.

Facing him, on tiptoe, half drawn back as if to spring, stood the Governor, his revolver held straight in front of him at the height of his face. Everyone saw that there would be no fight; but the man who saw it clearest of all was Esquival himself.

'Well now, Señor Madriz — or Esquival — whichever you wish to be called: Do you think this is the proper place for your plans? Don't move, I warn you. I know you are a desperate fellow, but that won't serve you here.'

Madriz, or Esquival, remained motionless. Then, so quickly that we

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scarcely followed the motion with our eyes, we saw Vargas spring toward him, while the latter lowered his arm and head still further, and with a quick twist the revolver of Madriz flew to the other side of the room, where it was promptly picked up by one of the Chief's attendants.

Quietly resuming his seat, Vargas said: 'Be seated, Madriz, I beg you. I tell you, sit down,' and Madriz obeyed mechanically. 'Draw up to the table. You, boy, give this man a glass of cognac. Let him recover from his fright.'

Madriz lifted his flushed face and stared fixedly with his bloodshot eyes at the Chief. 'No, you are n't afraid? You need not trouble to say it. I know it already. I know you are a brave man. But take the cognac. Good! Now let us talk a little. Don't bring any more courses, waiter — just coffee and tobacco. Now, Señor Madriz, tell us about it. You see, we have shortened our dinner on your account. At least make it good by relating something interesting. For example, describe the first time you killed a man. Tell us the story of the general whose aid-de-camp you were and whom you murdered. . . . Ah, he is silent. Do me the kindness, my friend. I promise you it will be worth your while to accommodate me. Let me suggest a bargain. If you will relate the history of all your crimes, I will see that you are treated like a king as long as you are in prison.'

'Tell me, Chief, are you a father confessor?'

'Never mind joking. Let us have your story.'

With a spring the Chief was erect again and Madriz, with a sort of heavy celerity, was also standing. But this time Madriz was unarmed, and an instant later a shot fired by Vargas buried itself in the floor half an inch from the left foot of his bold opponent.

Thereupon the fellow, like an ox in the clutch of a panther, resigned himself to his defeat and began to narrate his gruesome history. The very brevity and matter-of-fact way he did so added to the horror of the tale. He described the most brutal crimes with the same callous simplicity with which some blind force of nature, endowed with human speech, might have enumerated its victims. I remember such phrases as these: 'And then I ripped him open. I can't see why the devil you are interested in that.'

The Chief seldom asked for details. He contented himself with studying the man's degenerate mentality. 'And that old woman — poor, ugly, helpless. Come, why did you kill her? They say that you always rip open your victims with a knife. That's so, is n't it? Where did you learn that?'

At length Madriz refused to continue, more because he was wearied than because he was angry; but a second bullet that struck the floor close to his big right foot make him think better of it. After that he talked rapidly, anxious to be through with it. His language was as simple and brutal as his crimes. He betrayed no fear — in fact, no sentiment whatsoever. He related these things in order to avoid something worse, to save his life — and related them in the same callous, direct way that he had committed murders. He gave me a strange sensation of utter brutishness, of absence of human feeling. The Chief understood and excused him, because he too was a jungle animal. I, as a Christian man, tried to apologize for both — to understand both. They were merely animals endowed with human consciousness. One killed with the cleanness of a panther, the other with the gory blindness of a bull.

'Chief, I'm tired. Please send me to prison.'

The party rose. Before leaving the

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dining-room I heard Vargas say to the proprietor of the hotel: 'Beginning with this evening, send this fellow the best you have in the house and charge it to me. Let him have a good bottle of wine with each dinner and as much tobacco as he likes. I want him to remember that he had the honor of dining with Vargas. Now that's understood, Madriz, but look out! I say again, look out!'

A moment later the Governor excused himself with a laconic: 'Gentlemen, this Hine Cognac is too strong for me; no friend of mine should make me drink' — and he left us, walking at a rapid pace.

The rest of us remained sitting at the table in silence, until one burly fellow suggested: 'Well now, this ain't no funeral. Let 's have another.'

We drank, and drank again. But the magnetic influence of the Chief still held us in its sway. He was the only topic of conversation.

'How do you like our Governor, Señor Ardens? There 's a whole man for you!'

A series of anecdotes of his desperate escapades followed, each of which was applauded louder than its predecessor. I could see that these men regarded their Chief as a fierce, indomitable master, possessing occult powers which they perceived but could not comprehend — a man who performed miracles. They told how he once made his way out of a besieged town and through a broad belt of enemy country without being detected; how he had captured, single-handed, and in their own mountain fastnesses, bandits hitherto considered invincible. He generally went alone on these more desperate adventures, because no one was brave enough to follow him. Those who ventured to do so invariably blundered to their death, like horses or oxen in a lion hunt. Orolandia is a savage land where bold and reckless men naturally come to the front — men who drink themselves into a drunken rage with rum and then stab a boon companion, or go home and beat their wives to death. General Vargas towered high above them all, partly because of his sobriety and intelligence. He had risen rapidly to his present position. He ruled the State of Atalanta like a Samson guarding a flock of sheep where wolves and lions constantly harry the herds. Such a post gave a legitimate outlet to his sanguinary instincts, so that the panther almost seemed a man. If he had not been a despot he would have been a criminal. He was like a panther that has been trained to guard a flock of domestic animals. One of the men at the table said the Governor never closed his eyes even when he slept, and asserted that this had been so ever since he killed his brother.

I made a gesture of shocked surprise. He had killed his brother! That brought out the story of how his career began. He was a wealthy country gentleman. He and his brother Louis operated jointly one of those enormous estates so typical of Orolandia. Vargas was a remarkably handsome, red-bearded youth, hardly more than a boy, who spent his days and nights hunting jaguars and panthers in the mountains. The rude peasants adored him, particularly Juan, a young fellow about his own age, who had grown up his inseparable companion. His first love-affair was the cause of his first murder. Both men became infatuated with the same country girl. Vargas killed his friend in a fit of jealous rage, and fled to the mountains. However, his brother easily got him pardoned on account of extenuating circumstances. Only a year later, however, he killed his brother. The two quarreled over some trivial matter. Louis, the elder, picked up a broad machete such as is

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used everywhere on Orolandian plantations and, blind with fury, attacked his younger brother. The latter confined himself to defensive tactics as long as he could, but when he found himself cornered he drew a pistol and shot his brother dead.

As I listened to one horrible tale after another I became more clearly conscious that I was indeed a different being from these fierce and impetuous spirits. I felt like a creature of another species. I could not comprehend their sentiments and impulses. I could not understand either their acts or their language. I gazed at them as if they were not table companions, but wild, unfamiliar beings; and my thoughts instinctively sought refuge from them in the memory of my native town, my distant home, and my wife and children.

Yet these gentlemen possessed the facile comradery that rude manners and liberal potations lend. They plied me with liquor, offered me their finest tobacco, promised me all the assistance in the world in my business. Why would n't I settle in the city? I thanked them for all these things more effusively as I grew increasingly aware of the gulf that separated us. The more they lavished kindness on me, the more I felt that I was being caressed by fawning beasts of prey.

One gentleman at the table — a handsome, pallid young man — seemed to me a little more human than the rest, and I had an impulse to lean on him for support. But I speedily discovered that he repelled me even more than the others. I could understand them by the analogy of wild beasts, but this man had the cold inhumanity of a Satan.

One opulent fellow suggested a man of the Stone Age. He was a mestizo, with a flat nose, a huge mouth, wide cheek-bones, and an almost black complexion. He was a fluent talker, and so primitive in his thoughts and impulses that his brutality seemed almost blameless. He made me think of a barbarous Aztec idol endowed with the power of speaking Spanish. He was the most voluble of all in praising Vargas. Bursting with patriotic pride, he told how Vargas had served a Mr. Fergusson, a wealthy merchant of the capital. That gentleman had mistreated some native in his employ. When Vargas protested, Fergusson had insultingly told him to mind his own business, that he was under the protection of Uncle Sam. Vargas had Fergusson brought to his office and, with a cold sneer, said: 'So now, Mr. Fergusson, a Governor in this poor barbarous country cannot punish a Yankee for cruelty to its citizens! Yes, of course we are not much compared with you fellows, but we amount to something, none the less. . . . Here, fellow, bring me a spool of thread.'

When a servant brought the thread he slipped a noose of it around the proud Yankee's neck and tied the end on the back of the chair. Then he said: 'Mind, Fergusson, if that thread is broken when I come back, I'll kill you with my own hands like a dog.' Then he left and remained away all day. The Yankee, pale with terror, did not move for twelve hours. When the Governor returned, he burned the slender thread apart with the fire of his cigar, and then remarked with sarcastic graciousness: 'Fergusson, will you take dinner with me? Or, if you prefer to go, you may. Go and file your protest.'

All the men present roared with laughter at this clever assertion of authority. But most of the anecdotes had no element of comedy. One day he shut up an enemy in a narrow cell and forbade him to utter a word. When the fellow, tortured by hunger and thirst, begged for a bit of bread and

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water, he was stretched on the ground and flogged. Finally he was released, delirious and at the point of death, and carried home; and for several weeks his life hung on a thread. But these tough mestizos are hard to kill, and the man finally survived.

As anecdote followed anecdote, my nausea and horror grew. It was as if some malignant presence hovered over the table. When the last of the party left, I hurried to my room and threw myself down on the bed, as weak as if I were convalescing from a tropical fever.

That night I did not sleep. However, the rest, the darkness, and above all relief from the presence of the predatory jungle beasts that had surrounded me the day before, somewhat restored my shattered nerves. I was sick and disgusted with myself for having eaten and drunk to excess. I began to hate my business, as representative of the Hine firm. I was filled with inexpressible homesickness and longing to see my wife and children. I conceived a furious hatred for my villainous trade as a seller of human blood. I had never seen my profession in this light before. The translucent bottles of Hine Cognac, of which I had never previously drunk too much, took on a new color — that of bottled blood: a quintessence of vice distilled in alembics by the evil genius of man, to rob him of reason and to fill him with blind rages and fierce blood-lusts. I also felt utter loathing for the tropics — which pour their fever into the brains of men — and a new longing for cooler climes where civilization thrives.

The tropics revive all man's heredity from the beasts. In Cuba the second generation of the descendants of English Puritans become lazy, vicious cockpit-idlers. O thou sun of southern Spain, that dost revel with warmth and light in the bloody bull-rings of Seville, how natural it was for thy children to colonize tropical America! What other European stock would have found itself so much at home there! These lands of fire and blood are indeed vast reservoirs of future riches, but they still linger in a primitive stage of evolution where they produce only the monstrous flora and fauna of a prehistoric era. For them the age of man has not yet come. The world slept a hundred millenniums before it gave birth to humankind. Here it will sleep a hundred centuries longer before the passions of the beast are purged and purified into the sensibilities and sympathies of human culture.

I resolved to return at once to my own country, and never to leave again the habitat for which nature designed me. That resolve, refreshing as a draught from a cool fountain, drove the fever from my brain. I took a leisurely bath just as dawn was breaking, dressed carefully, and prepared to depart. I had done a very profitable business. My blood-money would at least start me in a new career at home. Soon my resignation would be in the hands of my principals, and I should be free to rejoin my family. I decided to bid the Governor farewell.

At his office they told me: 'Not here. He has gone to meet the train from the North. Have you any message for him?'

'Yes — that I came to bid him good-bye; that I greatly regret not seeing him again; that I shall return later. Here is my card.'

For the next three days I was not able to get an interview with the Chief. On the fourth, after having mailed to my firm huge orders for Hine Cognac, together with my resignation, and despairing of again seeing my powerful patron, I wrote him a farewell note and prepared to leave the following morning.

The day dawned overcast, with

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threats of rain, yet my heart was filled with spring sunshine at the thought of returning home. But just as I was stepping on the train a Government agent separated himself from the wall of the waiting-room and, approaching me, said: 'Sir, I regret to say that I have orders to detain you.'

'Does it mean I am under arrest?'

'No. My orders are merely not to let you leave.'

Apathetically I returned to my hotel, filled with dull despair rather than acute disappointment. It was as if the gloom of the rainy day outside had cast its shadow over the sunny morning in my soul. I had just lain down in my room, after returning from the station, when the Governor entered without knocking. I sprang to my feet.

'My dear Ardens, I understand you have been trying to see me. You can't imagine how much I regret that I was absent.'

'Your Excellency, please be seated. Do me the favor.'

'Why do you look so disturbed? You have done a fine business here — you have no reason to complain.'

'But I have lost my liberty.'

'Bah, why pull a long face? You're a man of the world, Ardens. Don't lose heart. Don't get yourself into a stew, now.'

I found myself smiling involuntarily in sympathy with the contagious good-humor of my distinguished caller.

'I shan't keep you here more than a couple of weeks or a month,' he continued. 'You preferred a charge against José de Vargas. I shall prove to you that it was not just. I wish you to see with your own eyes how I run this country, and the spirit of justice that guides me. The only ones who complain are the wrongdoers. No honest man has anything to fear from me.'

Although I knew how cruel he could be, such was the man's persuasiveness that I accepted his statement at its face value. I knew he was speaking sincerely. The Governor did not know how little that was human dwelt in his heart. He had no conception of how perverted his ideal of justice was.

I paid him some sincere compliments that obviously gratified him exceedingly. I am one of those people who are so anxious to please that they often seem uncandid. I praised such of his acts as I honestly thought laudatory.

From that hour, not for a couple of weeks as I hoped at first, but for a whole month, I traveled around constantly, always accompanied by one of his representatives, inspecting the marvelous resources and new improvements in Orolandia: its infant but already vigorous industries, its unbounded natural wealth. The Governor made a particular point of having me present when he dispensed justice. I saw him personally knock down one or two men like an irritated animal, evidently without its occurring to him that I might think this unreasonable or brutal. His novel moral standards impressed me with increasing force. I began to understand them and to esteem him more. What other kind of government was possible in this chaotic country? What other justice than that of the claw and fang was conceivable in this world of brutes?

No other incident threw such a lurid flash of light into the depths of Vargas's soul as the fate of Madriz. The fellow interested me, and I inquired about him several times.

'Bah,' I was told, 'he has no cause to grumble. They treat him like a king. He gets the best food that the Union Hotel can provide.'

But one day when I asked as usual, 'And Madriz? What about him?' the laconic answer was: 'Gone West.'

'What!'

'Executed two days ago.'

I asked for details. Apparently it

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had come to the knowledge of the Chief that the butcher had got hold of a knife, secretly conveyed to him through the hidden channels that criminals always know. When Vargas learned of this, he went directly, Winchester in hand, to the prison where the fellow sat in his cell, with his arms tied behind his back. Thrusting the barrel through the bars of the cell door, he said sternly: 'Madriz, I warned you to look out,' and coolly put a bullet through his heart.

When I heard this I made the half-suppressed exclamation: 'But the man is a tiger.'

My informant merely shrugged his shoulders and asked: 'What of it? He did right. What 's troubling you? I thought you understood. That 's summary justice in our country. That 's the only way we can maintain law and order in the midst of our interminable civil wars. This is the only State in Orolandia where we have no bandits or guerrillas. Vargas gives us at least the semblance of civilization. Whenever an assassin or a revolutionist is apprehended, he goes down to his cell at night and says: "Well now, my fellow, your crime is of a character to be referred to the Federal District. I am sending you at once." And as soon as they come to a lonely stretch of road his guards put him in front and shoot him from behind. If there is any protest, they say he tried to escape. Now and then, as in this instance, when Vargas believes the man has deceived him personally, he kills him with his own hand. Remember that Vargas played square with Madriz, and bear in mind that there is no other way you can run things here.'

That incident decided me to make one more effort to escape from the Dantesque circle where I found myself confined. I went directly to the office of Vargas.

'Chief, have you ever been in love? I have a young wife at home whom I love dearly. Let me go, I beg you.'

'Very well, you can leave to-morrow morning. I have accomplished what I wish. You can now say on your own authority that José de Vargas is a just judge. I shall miss you, for you are one of the few men who interest me.'

He spoke with such dignity and gravity, with such serenity and conscious power, that I felt the same spontaneous respect and admiration for him that I feel for some force of nature — for the roar of a cataract, or the roll of thunder; and the warm pressure of the hand with which I bade him adieu expressed an affectionate esteem that was entirely unfeigned. As I did so the Chief, took off the magnificent solitaire ring that sparkled on his finger. 'Ardens,' he said, 'pardon this act of sincere good-will. I don't want to offend you. I beg you, with all due respect, to present this to your wife in my name. It can easily be reset for something suitable for a lady. It is simply an indemnity for having kept her husband away a month. . . .'

The pale light of early dawn found me aboard the train, impatient to be away. As we moved from the station I leaned out of the window for a last view of the now familiar scene. We were just getting under headway when my traveling companion exclaimed: 'The Chief!'

And there he stood on the little marble terrace where I first caught sight of him on the day of my arrival, just as he leaped with a light spring upon the car behind me. And as he stood there, watching us depart, I fancied to myself there was a trace of a peculiar defeated expression in his eyes — the expression of a beast of prey that contemplates a forerunner of civilization invading his forest retreat. Behind him lay his realm, his jungle realm — a sleeping, foliage-embowered city of the tropics.

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MEI LAN FANG: CHINA'S FOREMOST ACTOR

BY ACHILLES

From the *North China Herald, March 22*
(SHANGHAI ENGLISH-LANGUAGE NEWS AND LITERARY WEEKLY)

SUCCESSFUL men are said to be ruined by success. With Mei Lan Fang the adage, 'Nothing succeeds like success,' is much more apt. He is gloriously free from those ailments so frequently created by prosperity; yet he is undoubtedly the most famous Chinese actor. His name is known across the world; in China it is always mentioned when superficial reference is made to the stage, or when Chinese make explanatory remarks to uninitiated foreigners about the Chinese theatre. Stray books by tourists and others on matters general appertaining to China contain reference, however slight and inaccurate, to Mei Lan Fang. When he visited Japan he received an unsurpassed ovation. Japanese girls went 'Mei-mad' over him, as Mr. M. T. Z. Tyau remarks in passing commentary on the Stage in the East in one of the chapters of his book, *China Awakened.* He has played before, met, and been fêted by presidents and generals. He has received one hundred and fifty medals from leading lights as tokens of their esteem. All this praise, expressed and implied, has left him untainted by pride.

The other morning at one o'clock, after the performance of *Lo Shun*, one of his best pieces, was over, Mei Lan Fang gave the writer a delightful reception behind the screens. The greeting which he extended to this foreigner could not have been more friendly or charming.

Although Mei had been acting before some three thousand people for nearly two hours, winning the usual amount of hushed attention and enthusiastic applause, he was as fresh as if he had newly completed a gentle game of tennis. The greenroom of the Kung Wu T'ai, the theatre in which he was appearing, — situated on a side road just off the Rue du Consulat, — was cold but roomy. It was reached by a longish walk, known only to the initiated: a climb down a sort of fire-escape ladder, a fifty-yard progression along a kind of private lane, and an entry up a sloping passageway. The show had just ended, and Mei had to remove his gaudy garments, but in four minutes he turned up, jauntily throwing on his jacket-waistcoat as he did so, and advancing in a mild hail-fellow-well-met manner.

He shook hands first *à la chinoise*, then in foreign style. He has two or three good interpreters and secretaries, and it was the full intention of the writer to engage him, suitably and humbly, in conversation through them. But as Mei was so exceedingly willing to be friends, and spoke in such easily distinguishable tones, there was no question as to whether he was to be answered in English or Chinese. So the conversation was a very cheerful one. Mei was naïve enough to inquire whether he acted well or not. He was sufficiently unoriginal to remark that the foreigner spoke good Pekingese.

Mei had seen the Italian opera, but this proved a tall topic and one was glad to be off it. It is rather hard for an Englishman who cannot fathom more than a word or two of the Italian

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opera or much more of the Chinese to conduct a conversation with the foremost Chinese actor on the former subject. In parenthesis it is to be noted that three fourths even of Chinese who go to the Chinese theatre cannot understand or even hear a great deal of what is being said. This is due to one of four causes or to all: (*a*) the discrepancy between dialects; (*b*) the din of the orchestra; (*c*) the high falsetto employed; and (*d*) the poor acoustics.

This may seem a remarkable fact, but the maxim that when you go to the theatre you must leave your mind behind is fairly reasonable. It is not necessarily the mind that must be appealed to at all times. There is something soothing about the Italian opera, and similarly so with the Chinese theatre, provided of course in regard to the latter that the *lo*, or gong, remains silent, which is certainly a difficult condition to get unless some bright member of the audience contrives to steal it or have it mislaid! In this connection it should be said that, much as the foreigner hates the noisy clanging of the theatre gong, sometimes the Chinese in the audience hates it more. He will close his ears with his hands, and mutter words regarding the superior attractions of a cinema.

Mei Lan Fang intends to visit America next year. The writer told him he ought to go to England. He grew enthusiastic over the idea.

If audiences in Europe were given the chance to see Mei Lan Fang in his graceful stage-parts, their interest in China would be stimulated. He would act the rôle of an ambassador. Good feeling between the East and West would be assisted. He possesses so many of the attributes of the best Chinese. His decorum on the stage and off is perfect; his cleverness is obvious; his good-will is evident in his various attempts to give the utmost possible satisfaction at all times when he is acting.

'The humble enjoy continual peace, but in the heart of the proud is envy and frequent indignation.' There is not much of the latter with Mei, but a great deal of the former. He appeared on that occasion in the greenroom a model of self-respecting humility far removed, of course, from emphatic self-depreciation, which would have been completely out of place. Characteristic of him was his action in personally dashing for a cigarette and lighting the match for his guest. None of the numerous attendants who were at beck and call was summoned to procure them. His manners, as has been said, are without fault, and his natural shyness, even if it is not now very pronounced, is sufficiently apparent to increase one's interest in him.

His part, as all who know his name are aware, is that of impersonator of feminine rôles. For this he is well qualified by his build. The Apollo type of man is often regarded as what he frequently is — rather flabby. Mei is not. His smooth countenance and appearance on the stage of being indistinguishable from a fascinating Chinese damsel are considerably assisted by paint and powder, as is inevitable. Behind the screens he is a most pleasant Chinese gentleman with a masculine air pronounced enough to absolve him from being considered effeminate. His attitude is one of keenness, wide-awakeness, and especially sympathy. Of the latter he has much; many sums have been devoted by him to the relief work in Japan and to other charitable funds. His determination not to appear in any way conceited is another evidence of his sympathy, which is in no small measure conveyed by his eyes, which are large, mobile and animated.

An opinion exists that the profession of acting is a degraded one in China.

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Sir Henry Irving's knighthood is cited as an example of what could not happen there. Actors the world over are usually of a poor and lowly origin. This much one may admit, but not that they are lower than in the West when it comes to a discussion of 'stars.' There is just as great a tendency to write panegyrics about actors in China as in England. Mei Lan Fang, for example, had a father, grandfather, and uncle all of whom made themselves well-known by their theatrical skill.

The second greatest actor in China, also a female impersonator, who is obviously cut out to be Mei's successor, is Ch'êng Yen Ch'iu. He is only twenty-one and is of the fifth generation of the family of a high Councillor of Chien Lung, one of China's greatest Emperors.

After Ch'êng Yen Ch'iu has had his period of supreme rule among popular actors, it will probably be Lu Mu Tan who, in turn, will step into his shoes. Lu Mu Tan is still only about seventeen or eighteen, and is the son of a retired official. Mei Lan Fang has expressed much approval of the manner in which this young actor performs. He is smaller than Mei, but there is time for him to grow. His humility is not yet so wonderful as that of Mei. But all these three most celebrated actors have a much greater humility than the real Chinese actresses seen as a rule. The chief Chinese actresses in Shanghai perform at the Kung Wu T'ai. It is the only one of the seven big Shanghai theatres — there are of course numerous smaller ones — in which actresses appear. Fen Chu Hua, Chang Wen Yen, and Lu Lan Chun seem to have a too high appreciation of their importance, to judge from their expressions and their less spontaneous smiles.

Sufficient, however, has been said to show that it is absurd to claim that Chinese actors all enjoy a mean status.

Foreigners in Shanghai who care to study the Chinese stage are lucky: it is the second-best place for doing so, Peking of course being first. Take the three actors named above, for example. None is at present in this city, but all have been within the past six months. Mei returned to Peking on January 22, Ch'êng about three or four months ago, and Lu went from here to Tientsin some time in the autumn. All will probably return ere very long, although Mei certainly will not come back for a while, except perhaps to act here on his way to England or America. Lu Mu Tan is the one most likely to return first. He is to be watched. He acted for several months last year in the Ch'un Hua (Spring Flowers Theatre) Wu T'ai in Chapei, and may do so again.

Mei's plays are mostly either chronicle-histories or fairy tales. He seems to prefer the latter. They suit best his capacity for imitating a winsome maiden who performs wonderful deeds. His sword dance or fight with a clam in *Lien Ching Feng* is engrossing. He pirouettes about the stage engaged in imaginary combat with this mysterious habitant of the underwaters. Another beautifully dressed 'girl,' hidden behind the great shells which she holds before her in her part as clam, endeavors to snap up Mei by catching him between her large forceps. The sword is imprisoned several times but always escapes again. Mei retreats to the back of the stage in a zigzag direction, gradually vanishing and ever growing dimmer through a maze of thin gauze hung from the roof in layers, followed by the clam. Fishes bob about across the stage and the undersea aspect is well represented. Both return slowly and the clam is mortally wounded at the last, while Mei plucks from behind the now open shell-encasements an elixir — which is symbolized by a pink silk handkerchief — which is to save 'her' mother's life.

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IN A JAPANESE THEATRE

BY ALICE SCHALEK

From the *Neue Freie Presse, April 2*
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

It was with a secret hope of better comprehending the play to be presented that I invited my friend, Professor Gitaro Chino, a Japanese professor of German and the translator of Schnitzler, to come with me to the theatre. We were rather late because I did not know that in rainy weather it is necessary to have your shoes washed off previously, even at the Imperial Theatre, which is sufficiently modern to permit shoes indoors.

As we pushed through the closely packed house I could not help thinking what would happen if there was a fire — but no, the thought alone was enough to make pleasure impossible. The seats and aisles are built for the slender Japanese, and only the first rows have seats of European dimensions, on the theory that the only Europeans likely to come are globe-trotters who can afford to pay five dollars a seat. Yet though I take my place there almost by compulsion, I am still loaded down like my neighbors with my coat, not to mention a wet umbrella; and the towering coiffures of the Japanese ladies sitting in front of me cut off half my view. No one sitting behind a butterfly headdress of this sort can see very much, but respect for custom prevents any protest on my part.

The house is full to the last chair. Almost everyone is accompanied by a lady, though it is not usual to take your wife to the theatre, the custom being to take some other admired lady or a geisha employed for the evening. One does, however, see whole families with their daughters and here and there a couple of women without escorts, but nowhere any entirely unaccompanied lady.

The Imperial Theatre has already caused many of the genuine old Japanese stages to fall into disuse, and the transition to the modern form will eventually be complete. Even now, however, the performance begins at four o'clock and lasts until midnight. Four plays are still given every day, but the bill, which is changed on the first of every month, consists for four successive weeks of an exclusively masculine company, which is followed the next month by another in which actresses appear. Criticism, such as with us may cause a theatrical failure, does not exist here. Instead the public meekly takes what is offered, but so many plays are given of such various sorts that every man gets something for his money.

The four plays of this particular evening include a classical play, then a new piece written in the old style of playwriting, and at the end, as is always the custom, a dance scene. The third part of the programme, however, the attraction that really drew me to the theatre, was a thoroughly modern play by a young lady, a student of Professor Chino's, who came out to see us between the acts and presented us with a whole series of postcards showing scenes from her play. In spite of the merry smile which etiquette prescribes for every Japanese

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woman, she seemed to me extremely uneasy, as was only natural, since a production here was an occasion of extreme importance to a dramatist. To-night's piece was the second play of hers to be produced, but she was so far the only modern woman playwright who had been accorded such honor. The evening was almost as tense for her as a première at our own Burg Theatre in Vienna would be.

But there was a long and toilsome journey before we came to her work. First we saw the classical piece, in which the public's interest was centred. All Japanese, men and women, even those from the lowest levels of society, know by heart every word of the classical plays and never weary of seeing them again and again upon the stage. Every nuance of the performer in the declamation of these verses, which they know so well, is a stirring experience, — so enthusiastic are the people for the theatre, — and 'good' acting consists chiefly in the modulation of the voice.

The scene of our play was laid at Kyoto, in the Kamakura era. The hero represents himself to the other characters as an idiot. With an endless hurrying back and forth of messengers we learn the previous history. The men characters speak in a characteristic singsong, the women — also played by men, since this is the month when no actresses appear — in a high, unnatural falsetto. I cannot compare the breath-control of even the most admirable trills of our best coloratura singers with the endlessly prolonged and unmodulated tones of the Japanese artists, which rise suddenly through an interval unpleasant to European ears or break off into deep gutturals. The orchestra, which also serves as chorus and greets the entrance and exit of the actor with shrill strokes of wood on wood and a curious kind of singing, no longer sits on the stage as in olden days, but is concealed in the wings.

While the actors, motionless, their bodies clad in genuine ancient costumes, sang alternately to one another in an endless singsong, it seemed to me impossible to find anything idiotic about the idiot or villainous about the villain, for the Japanese actor's capacities for expression lie only in his tones and in the way he speaks. Stage Japanese is quite different from the current speech of the people, but all around me the spectators were murmuring every word, and the enthusiasm was beyond description. If anyone had been led to think, from the cosmopolitan district of Tokyo, that the old Japan was soon to disappear, he would soon have learned better here.

My companion, the learned Professor, was himself too much like a child who has been taken to the theatre not to forget completely that he had come to explain things to the foreigner. Intellectual workers in Japan, and especially state officials, are so badly paid that they can scarcely afford theatregoing. Professor Chino was enjoying his free visit so thoroughly that I could not bring myself to disturb him with questions very often. Moreover, he could not explain very much, since a Japanese is so much a part of the tradition himself that he lacks the proper perspective.

In the middle of a tragic scene the clowns are perpetually making comic gestures which, not being part of the play, disturb its action, but are nevertheless rewarded with bursts of laughter. Eventually I concluded that these must be simply improvisations. The play tells the story of a relative of the Emperor who caused one of his faithful daimios, his feudal liegeman, to exterminate the Royal Family. The conflict goes on in the soul of this

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daimio, whom classic literature teaches blindly to obey his lord, but who is a friend of the man he is to kill. He obediently slays his friend, but betrays his master to the extent of allowing his friend's little son to escape. As his orders to kill include this boy, he substitutes his own son as a sacrifice to his friendship. Since Abraham's willingness to sacrifice his own son — and that was God's command — I can recall no story of such a father.

Japanese literature chiefly honors such qualities as fidelity to a master, devotion, self-sacrifice, and the assumption of another's guilt. They must be extolled through art to a people whose way of life they by no means contradict and whose character they must form. Woe to the ruling classes if this official system of ethics should ever break down! To-day the Japanese are fanatics for loyalty and devotion, and for decades this has deceived foreigners as to their true nature. The slave morality which Japanese poetry demands of princes' subjects is not innate. It is their literature which requires a subject soul that does not raise itself against its master, but blindly lives or dies for him.

This master is not closely characterized. He appears in various plays, but not as a carefully studied personality. To be a master is his only characteristic, just as it is the part of the subject or the servant to be subject or servant — the theory on which the whole feudal system rests. The literature of the court poets devoted itself to casting a halo of glory over service, in contrast with our classic Western writers who glorify rebellion and the casting-off of chains. This milk-and-water diet of truth and virtue keeps the public unaffected by scenes of theatrical violence which omit no harrowing detail.

The extent to which everything grotesque is exaggerated is shown in such scenes as that in our play in which the ostensible idiot pretends to want to whisper a secret to the villain, but actually puts a fly in his ear. The man's pain is expressed by formal dancing during which the idiot stands laughing. His laughter is a kind of solo expressed in a high, howling falsetto which surpasses anything the chorus and the woodclapper can do together. This leads to an outbreak among the audience with which nothing among our theatregoers can be compared. Such a scene is the climax of the evening, for which the public wait hours at a time, since they know it is coming and admire the masterly technique of the performance. . . .

In spite of all his feeling for tradition, the contemporary author of the second play that we saw no longer suggested the naïveté of the old virtue-epic. With him it was all a matter of teaching a lesson and praising loyalty. The play had been written to display the talents of the famous actor Onoye, who is the favorite of all Tokyo. An Emperor, who has been deposed, lands with his physician near the castle of a daimio who has remained loyal to him, and who appears on the stage with his knights, mourning for the banished Emperor. The old physician, sent ahead as a spy, is sharply questioned. His answer to the questions is certainly the longest solo scene that I have ever witnessed, and as I did not understand the words its length seemed unendurable. Yet even the other members of the audience, who understood the language, paid little heed to the words, for everyone was waiting expectantly for the moment in which the daimio was to learn that immediately beneath his window his honored lord was waiting for his aid. Indeed the whole play turns simply on the delivery of this message. The Japanese showed no

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excitement during the undramatic preliminaries, and it was a full half-hour before the endless lamentation of the star had reached its full expression, depicted in a scene during which the daimio and his attendants lay hand upon their swords.

Here we have again the old theme: the fidelity of the physician, the fidelity of the daimio, but it was plainly a kind of fidelity which the modern writer had thought out on his writing-table.

My chief desire was to find out whether all this dialogue, running on and on without any attention to dramatic treatment and without end, was poetic, charming, witty, or whether it had any literary significance; but the Japanese have no judgment, and Europeans who really understand the classic poetry are a rarity. The few who do understand maintain that these wearisome speeches are designed merely to put the audience in a receptive frame of mind without which, even in their daily life, the Japanese do not abandon their reserve.

We find the same unending speeches even in the love scenes of the Japanese stage, which in externals do not in the least differ from the scenes with the idiots, messengers, or knights. The lovers sit opposite one another, quite as far apart as youths and maidens are actually kept in real life, and from this never-lessening distance talk, and talk, and talk. Next to loyalty, love is the chief motive of all plays, much as with us. A Japanese whom I once asked why this should be, when there is actually so little love-making in Japanese life, replied with sad resignation: 'Since we cannot have it in life, we want it at least upon the stage.' And thus we understand the definition of tragedy as a conflict between custom and desire.

Kayoko Omura's play is modern and treats the most burning question in Japan, the geisha, but the author is not combating the geisha as an institution, and her play, instead of indulging in outcry about the wrongs done to other women, extols the merits of a noble geisha with a kind of Madame Butterfly sentimentality, through which our ordinary conception of the geisha is only strengthened.

The heroine, Shiraito, is a wonderfully beautiful geisha girl who is loved by the samurai Mondo in spite of the fact that he has a devoted wife and two children. Two rooms in a geisha establishment are shown alternately by the revolving stage, and the proscenium serves as the street. This is an extremely realistic setting representing a bourgeois house, in spite of the fact that in Japan not even a modern play can take place in the present time, so that the action must be placed in some earlier era. But since the houses have not changed in six hundred years, modern conditions can still be represented. . . .

In spite of exhaustion, I waited for the last play, although it was now midnight. The three most famous dancers of Japan were to appear in the dance scene, and so I tarried until they came out on the *hanamashi*, or way of flowers. This is an approach to the stage leading through the theatre itself, which in the Imperial Theatre is unusually short, at most ten metres long, having been placed in this modern theatre as an afterthought, because the public too obviously missed it. In spite of the shortness of the runway, the entrance of the three dancers took more than half an hour — every step an eternity. Slow movements are the very soul of such dances, and even after they have reached the stage itself the dancers maintain the leisureliness of their steps, which is regarded as a great art.

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THE HANDWRITING OF SHAKESPEARE

BY SIR F. G. KENYON

[*Sir F. G. Kenyon is Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum.*]

From *Discovery, March*
(London Scientific Monthly)

Until quite recently it was accepted as certain, not merely that no play or portion of a play by Shakespeare had come down to us in his own handwriting, but that no specimens of his writing were in existence with the exception of six signatures. Three of these are appended to the three sheets of his will, written on March 25, 1616, less than a month before his death, and now in Somerset House. One is attached to the conveyance of a house purchased by Shakespeare in Blackfriars, dated March 10, 1613; and another, dated on the day following, to a mortgage of the same property: these are respectively in the Guildhall Library and the British Museum. The sixth, discovered by an American scholar, Dr. C. W. Wallace, so lately as 1910, is in the Public Record Office, and consists of his signature to his deposition in a lawsuit, dated May 11, 1612.

All were written after the date at which, according to our best evidence, Shakespeare had written his last play and retired to Stratford on Avon. In the three earliest of them the name is not even written at full length, but in various forms of abbreviation. Only in the case of the last signature to his will is anything written beyond the mere name. Here we have the words, 'By me William Shakspeare.' These two words, 'By me,' were, until recently, believed to be the only words, apart from his own name, that have come down to us in the hand of the greatest writer of the English language.

There was, after all, nothing very surprising in this. The original manuscripts of the plays of most of Shakespeare's contemporaries had perished with equal completeness. Two of Ben Jonson's masques, in his own hand, are in the British Museum. One play by Massinger, *Believe As You List*, was identified by Sir George Warner in 1900 as being in the poet's autograph, and was secured very cheaply for the British Museum. But that is nearly all. Of Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Ford, Chapman, and many others of the contemporaries of Shakespeare, no play survives in their own hands. It was not the practice of the time to attach importance to the author's autograph. After it had served its purpose, perhaps as a prompt-copy in the theatre, or as copy for a printed edition, it was allowed to perish; and Shakespeare's autographs went the way of all the rest.

The discovery — if, as I believe, it be a discovery — not of a whole play, but of a considerable passage, in Shakespeare's own hand is therefore a literary event of no small interest. It is not wholly a new discovery, but it is only quite recently that criticism has brought to light its true character. Among the manuscripts collected by Robert and Edward Harley, first and second Earls of Oxford, to receive

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which, with the Sloane and Cotton libraries, the British Museum was founded in 1753, is one, numbered 7368, which contains a play entitled *Sir Thomas More*. As a whole, it is not a work of much literary merit. The author of the main body of it is now known to be one Anthony Munday; and thirteen out of the twenty leaves of which it consists are in his hand. The other seven contain additional or substituted passages by no less than five different writers — a striking example of the manner in which, in the Elizabethan and Jacobean period, plays were modified and rewritten to suit the requirements of the theatre.

Now of all these additions one, occupying three pages of the manuscript, with one blank page, stands out above all the rest in literary merit. It is 'a scene representing the insurrection of the London apprentices against the aliens resident in the city, which was quelled by the intervention of More, then sheriff.' The vigor and dramatic genius of this scene may be judged from a quotation, in modernized spelling, of its most striking passages: —

More. Grant them removed, and grant that this your noise
Hath chid down all the majesty of England;
Imagine that you see the wretched strangers,
Their babies at their backs, with their poor luggage,
Plodding to the ports and coasts for transportation,
And that you sit as kings in your desires,
Authority quite silenced by your brawl,
And you in ruff of your opinions clothed,
What had you got? I'll tell you: you had taught
How insolence and strong hand should prevail,
How order should be quelled; and by this pattern
Not one of you should live an aged man,
For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
With self-same hand, self reasons, and self right
Would shark on you, and men like ravenous fishes
Would feed on one another. . . .

. . . What do you then,
Rising 'gainst him that God himself installs,
But rise 'gainst God? What do you to your souls
In doing this? Oh, desperate as you are,
Wash your foul minds with tears, and those same hands,
That you like rebels lift against the peace,
Lift up for peace, and your unreverent knees,
Make them your feet, to kneel to be forgiven.

. . . Say now the king,
As he is clement, if the offender mourn,
Should so much come too short of your great trespass
As but to banish you, whither would you go?
What country, by the nature of your error,
Should give you harbor? Go you to France or Flanders,
To any German province, Spain or Portugal,
Nay, anywhere that not adheres to England,
Why, you must needs be strangers. Would you be pleased
To find a nation of such barbarous temper,
That breaking out in hideous violence
Would not afford you an abode on earth,
Whet their detested knives against your throats,
Spurn you like dogs, and like as if that God
Owed not nor made not you, nor that the elements
Were not all appropriate to your comforts,
But chartered unto them? What would you think
To be thus used? This is the strangers' case,
And this your mountainish (?) inhumanity.

It is surely not difficult to discern the hand of Shakespeare here, and it is not surprising that more than one competent critic has assigned this passage to him on literary grounds alone.

But is it not possible to go further? This scene, so markedly superior in style and power, is written in a hand different from that of any of the other contributors to the manuscript; and the corrections that are made in it are of such a kind as to suggest most forcibly that the scribe of these lines was also their author. On these grounds the possibility was first noted by Mr. Richard Simpson, in 1871, that we might have here a manuscript in Shakespeare's own hand. He remarked that Shakespeare's writing, as it appears in his signatures, was that of the ordinary copyist of the time — that is, was the English, not the Italian, script; but he was not an expert in palæograph-

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ical science, and was consequently unable to push home the argument on this side. His suggestion consequently, though backed by James Spedding, attracted little attention, and was put aside as a mere fancy.

At this point, as a basis for what is to follow, I may perhaps be allowed to state the opinions which I had myself formed before the publication of the researches which have raised the possibility observed by Mr. Simpson to a very high degree of probability. On the literary side I held, and still hold, most emphatically that the lines are Shakespeare's and could have been written by no other dramatist alive about 1593, which Mr. Pollard has shown to be the most probable date for the play. Indeed, I would go further, and say that of all the Shakespeare Apocrypha — the plays or scenes attributed to Shakespeare which do not appear among his traditionally accepted works — this is the only passage which carries conviction to my mind. On the other hand, my impression of the handwriting was that it was just the kind of hand which the writer of the Shakespeare signatures *might* have written. Signatures are a precarious basis for the identification of a man's handwriting, especially when one of them — the signature to the deposition — is a hurried and abbreviated scribble, and all the others were written under special circumstances which might affect their claim to represent the writer's ordinary hand. Hence it seemed to me that the proposition would be difficult to establish with any certainty, but was in itself highly credible.

It is here that we come to the new work, which has transformed the situation, and which deserves to rank as a discovery. In 1916, in connection with the commemoration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death, — a tercentenary which fell at a time when men's thoughts were too much engaged elsewhere to allow of a due celebration of it, — the attention of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, formerly Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, and the foremost living authority on all questions connected with palæography, was directed to the subject of Shakespeare's handwriting. After a minute study of the six signatures, by and for themselves, he came with a basis of full knowledge to an examination of the manuscript of *Sir Thomas More*. No one was less likely than Sir Edward to jump to a sensational conclusion without sufficient evidence, and no one possesses a sharper palæographical eye or a sounder palæographical judgment; but a careful study of the *More* MS. satisfied him that the hand of the riot scene corresponded in all respects with the hand of the Shakespeare signatures. This conclusion was set out in full detail, with a separate study of each single letter, in his volume entitled *Shakespeare's Handwriting*, which appeared at the end of 1916.

The war, and the perturbations resulting therefrom, disturbed and delayed literary researches; but the textual study of Shakespeare has recently been followed up with especial intensity by a small group of highly competent scholars, who in the autumn of 1923 produced the volume which is the special occasion of this article. Mr. A. W. Pollard, who may be described as the general inspirer of the group, contributes an introduction on the character of the play, its bibliographical history, its date and occasion, and the problem of the three pages. Mr. Greg describes the six different hands concerned in the manuscript. Sir E. Maunde Thompson repeats, in even greater detail, his study of the Shakespeare signatures and the writing of the

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three pages. Mr. Dover Wilson brings a new line of argument to bear by pointing out remarkable parallels between the three pages and the evidence obtainable as to Shakespeare's writing from the contemporary quarto editions of some of his plays which there is most reason to believe were printed from his own manuscript. Finally, Mr. Chambers shows how closely the political and social ideas expressed in More's speech correspond with those of Shakespeare as they appear in such plays as *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and the Jack Cade scenes.

It is a fascinating study, and will, I think, convince many that the resemblances are not superficial, and that the attitude displayed toward the populace is markedly individual and such as we easily associate with the widely tolerant and sympathetic mind of Shakespeare, which yet clung to order and discipline as the safeguard of a State.

The strength of the argument for the Shakespearean penmanship of these three pages is the convergence of two totally distinct lines of evidence — the literary and the palæographical. Either separately might fail to carry conviction; but when we have, on the one hand, the literary argument that these lines are strongly Shakespearean in style, and on the other the palæographical argument that the hand in which these lines are written has all the characteristics which are found in Shakespeare's signatures, while the corrections in the manuscript are those of an author, not of a scribe, the total proof comes very near to demonstration. Both lines of argument have been immensely strengthened by the study and researches of Sir E. Maunde Thompson and of Mr. Pollard and his colleagues; and henceforth the visitor to the Manuscript Saloon of the British Museum may feel with substantial confidence that he is indeed looking on a scene written by the actual hand of the author of *Hamlet*.

The importance of this conclusion is not merely sentimental. To know an author's handwriting is often to have a clue to the corruptions which have crept into his text. Our knowledge of Shakespeare's plays rests in the main on the First Folio of 1623, produced by his literary executors, Heminge and Condell, who tell us that they made use of his original MSS. Only in a few instances have we also quarto editions of single plays, published in his lifetime, which can be supposed to rest on an equally good authority. Now Shakespeare's handwriting, whether in his signatures or in the *More* MS., though fluent enough, is not carefully formed, and lends itself easily to misunderstanding by printers. Such misunderstandings unquestionably underlie many of the difficulties and obscurities which abound in his printed text. Hitherto critics and editors have had to rely on their own intuition for the correction of such passages. Now we have an additional instrument ready to our hand, for it is possible to judge how Shakespeare would have written the words in question, and how they might have been misread by a careless or uneducated compositor. Indeed, in some passages of the *More* MS. even experts may differ as to the letters or words.

Therefore, by the discovery which has been brought to its climax in the centenary year of the First Folio, not only have we gained — with the satisfaction of knowing that it is safely enshrined in our national library — a personal relic of our great poet of immeasurable sentimental interest, but we have also acquired a more valuable engine for the purification of his text and for the fuller comprehension of his incomparable genius.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

A YEOMAN

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

[*To-Day*]

THIS man that at the wheatstack side
  Sits drinking of the twilight air,
This man's my friend, in him's supplied
  My refuge from the traps of care.

His life now past meridian mark
  One can but say is blossoming yet,
His summer day smiles back the dark,
  His sun seems nearer rise than set.

In lusty youth, when surging blood
  With foam and din bemuses most,
Leander-like he rode the flood
  And strongly came to manhood's coast.

Since, with a sturdy steady tread
  He sowed and stored himself good grain,
And glowing yet he bows his head
  With plough and scythe across the plain.

And like the North Star stablished true
  He cheers and guides my asking eye,
To see him at his door anew
  Is like a sign shown in the sky.

With all his calm he's eager still,
  New dreams in his old vision thrive,
He seizes chance on dale and hill
  And all his life has been alive.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

SIGRID UNDSET, A NORWEGIAN NOVELIST

SIGRID UNDSET, the foremost Norwegian woman novelist, is discussed at length by Dea Forsberg in *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*. One of Miss Undset's best-known books, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, which deals with mediæval life in Norway, has been translated into English with a new title, *The Bridal Wreath*, and a second novel, *The Housewife of Husaby*, is to be published presently, thus introducing to the American public a Scandinavian writer who is beginning to be mentioned for the Nobel Prize.

The novelist was born in July 1882, the oldest daughter of the archæologist, Ingvald Martin Undset, and after a commercial education went to work in the Christiania office of the A.E.G. Office routine made little appeal to her. 'I take my work as it comes,' she wrote about this time; 'it does not interest me and I would change it any time for something better.' But even during the years when she occupied an office chair she was dreaming of authorship, observing, studying, reading, and writing. She published newspaper articles and wrote a good deal of verse, much of which ended in flames. Her work suffered from an amateurish tinge until 1907, when she published *Fru Marta Oulie*, which was followed by *The Happy Age*, almost as great a success as her first book. Two successful books and a literary prize enabled her to become her own master in 1909, after ten years of office work, and she set out for a tour of the world. In 1911 she married a fellow countryman, the painter, Anders Svarstad, in Antwerp, and settled down in Christiania to do her own writing and bring up her husband's three children by a former marriage.

Fru Forsberg thus describes the writer's personality: —

Her authorship, which has carried her name on the wings of fame throughout the world, has not changed her character. She is the same to-day as she was twenty-six years ago, only more developed, better trained in the school of life, quieter and more resigned, but just as true to herself, just as free from frivolity, just as tender toward her neighbors and their cares as ever. She simply cannot see any suffering without trying to cure or relieve it; her heart quivers with sympathy for all those who suffer, or find life hard.

In Lillehammer she lives very quietly with her three children, Anders, Maren, and Hans Benedikt. In general she does not occupy herself with journalism or lecturing. If, in recent years, she has written for newspapers, or given lectures, it has always been for some special reason. For the time being she is occupied with the Icelandic Sagas. As she wrote shortly before Christmas, she has been 'buried in the Old Norse dictionary and source books for Icelandic topography, and textbooks on Iceland.'

In April or, at latest, in May, Sigrid Undset is coming to Stockholm, strictly as a private person, and consequently incognito. How shall I find her? The last time I saw her was in Copenhagen, in the summer of 1912, when she was putting the finishing touches to *Wretched Destinies*. Dazzling, happy, enthusiastic, full of energy and courage, with the brightest prospects for the future, and the happiest anticipations — at that time life lay before her like a beautiful dream, a brightly illumined road.

As there is a general suspicion that Sigrid Undset is a possible candidate for an early Nobel award, the visit to Sweden, strictly incognito though it is, may not be altogether unconnected with this possibility. To be known and read in Sweden is of vital importance

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to literary folk with an eye to the millionaire dynamite-maker's prize.

✤

COLUMBUS'S MAP

THE discovery of a map, which he believes to have been made under the direction of Christopher Columbus and to have guided the explorer on his first voyage across the Atlantic, has been communicated to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres in Paris by M. Charles de la Roncière, conservateur of the Département des Imprimés in the Bibliothèque Nationale. This discovery was made while the historian was preparing a paper on the discovery of Africa during the Middle Ages, to be presented, by request of King Fuad of Egypt, at the geographic congress in Cairo.

M. de la Roncière's attention was attracted by the old map because it seemed to be the first representing Lake Chad. It bore no date and no cartographer's name and in the catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale was labeled merely *Carte portugaise du seizième siècle.* It showed the Cape of Good Hope, which was discovered in 1488, but no trace of America, twin circumstances which roughly fix its date between 1488 and 1492. In spite of its label, it was not Portuguese, for although the legends are in Latin one reads: 'These islands are called *in the Italian language Cavo Verde,* in Latin *Cap Vert.* They were discovered by a Genoese named Antoine de Noli, a name which they still bear.' This seemed to indicate that the map had been done by or for an Italian who was probably a Genoese himself; and searching further among the innumerable legends the French scholar presently found a lengthy one which bore the signature, 'Christopher Columbus.' Comparison with the annotated copy of the *Imago Mundi* known to have belonged to Columbus, and now preserved in Seville, confirmed the theory.

Carefully scanning the western edge of the map, M. de la Roncière found an inscription so faint that it could only be read by making a photograph of it. Then the following Latin sentence appeared: '*Hec Septem Civitatem Insula vocatur, nunc Portugallensium Colonia efecta, ut gromite citantur Hispanorum, in qua reperiri inter arenas argentum perhibetur.*' (This is the island of the Seven Cities, a colony still held by the Portuguese according to the reports of Spanish sailors, where silver is said to be found in the sand.)

This is a reference to the legendary Antilia, where seven Portuguese bishops, according to tradition, landed during the Mussulman invasion of the Peninsula and founded each his city. 'It was this island,' says M. de la Roncière, 'that Columbus was really seeking, no matter what stories he may actually have told later.' M. de la Roncière's ideas are at least partially confirmed by the writings of Fernando Columbus, son of the explorer, and in recent years by the investigations of Henry Vignaud, late Counselor of the American Embassy in Paris, for years a special student of Columbus, some of whose writings on his special subject have appeared in the *Living Age.*

✤

WHAT KANT LOOKED LIKE

THE two-hundredth anniversary of Immanuel Kant's birth is marked in Germany by the appearance of a new book from the pen of Dr. Max Hochdorf entitled *Das Kantbuch,* which contains a remarkable pen-picture of the philosopher's personal appearance:—

'His chest was so sunken that it made his back appear arched. His jabot disappeared in his coat, where it hung down lax and ragged, by no means serving as an adornment. Men

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with big arched chests used to wear this bit of lace so that it really made them stately and fine-looking; but on Kant all this careful bourgeois clothing seemed superfluous, almost surprising. His remarkable head sat on a body that was more than humble. A great part of his skull was concealed by the wig, and this wig, which often gave Kant's contemporaries a majestic look, seemed like another superfluous adornment on one who had so weak a body. But his forehead remained visible. It rose vertically straight from the base of the nose, and rendered the head disproportionately large, so that it was not in accord with the rest of the body and betrayed the fact that no common man stood before the eye of the beholder. Anyone who looked closely at Kant's face saw that his underlip was thick and slack.

'If we had wished to form an opinion with these striking and most unattractive externals as the basis, we should have had to set him down as weak and disagreeable rather than a man of energy and joyous affirmation. Men who have gone through much toil and disillusion relax so much that they come to regard a rigid bearing and a tension of their muscles as an unnecessary trouble. A picture still exists which represents the scholar out for a walk. In one hand he carries a tall walking-stick, completed by tassels and a metal knob, while in the other hand he holds a head-covering that looks like a kalpak and resembles the high caps of Friedrich's Grenadiers. Both stick and hat, however, seemed far too big in relation to the frail little man. They also seemed superfluous. They seemed to burden him. Everything earthly seemed too heavy for him.

'Since the lips were set forward very much, the eyes were necessarily somewhat pinched, so that as an observer he viewed the world with an extraordinary keenness, and these eyes which were only half visible, and whose color and glance could not be made out, seemed extremely attentive, reserved, almost malicious. They seemed almost like the eyes of a concealed hunter who stands patiently in his shooting-box with his weapon ready.'

♣

TABULATING THE DAYS OF MAN

SOME person with a statistical frame of mind has amused himself by tabulating for the London *Daily Herald*, the Labor Government's organ, what he calls 'a bill of life.' Assuming that the average man lives seventy-five days in excess of the Biblically assigned seventy years, he divides this time among the various human activities as follows: —

	Years	*Days*
Sleep	23	
Sickness	1½	
Eating	3	
Washing, shaving, dressing	2¼	
School	1¼	
Work	18	
Reading	7	
Play	1¾	
Entertainments, etc	½	
Walking, trains, etc.	2¼	
Waiting for trains, etc.		15
Sweethearting		60
Idling	2½	
Sundries	7	
Total	70	75

The anonymous statistician admits that his schedule 'varies greatly according to where we live, and the taste, temperament, and social conditions of the individual.' Readers who feel that such important items as Nos. 8 and 12 are seriously underestimated may take heart from this admission.

♣

À QUELLE HEURE FIVE O'CLOCKEZ-VOUS?

THE afternoon-tea habit, having gradually, through the centuries, conquered China, Russia, Japan, and Great

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Britain and delivered a flank attack on these United States, has extended its conquests to France. Twenty-five years ago the daring innovation began with a little shop in the Rue de Rivoli, where one could not only get tea of a kind, but could also read the London papers. French tea in those days was an extraordinary fluid. No French servants knew how to make it, and some of them, under the impression that it was a medicinal mixture, made sure that it lived up to their idea in its taste. No one thought of observing the English custom of warming the teapot, and the idea of boiling the water before pouring it on the leaves never occurred to anybody.

To-day things have improved, though Paris is developing its own ideas about the five o'clock art; and though Russian, Japanese, Chinese, and British visitors may all lift their eyebrows in their several ways at the several infringements of their several national customs, Parisian teashops go calmly on their way convinced — as only the French can be — that eventually the rest of the world will come around to the one proper way. The ceremony of pouring, which means so much in England, is a mere kitchen function in France. The Japanese ritual is quite unknown, and though you may leave your teaspoon in your cup, *à la russe*, the glass of tea for men in the Russian fashion has never yet been introduced. Every guest receives not merely his cup and saucer and a little tea-napkin but also a knife and a fork and an extra plate. There was a time a few years ago when a tango or a fox-trot was an almost indispensable part of a 'five o'clock,' but to-day Paris has settled down a little.

Tea has done one more thing in France: it has added a new verb to the language: *five o'clocker*, although the French Académie has not yet dared to suggest its admission to the dictionary. The shop signs announce: *Ici on five o'clocke à toute heure*, and your friends ask you over the telephone: '*À quelle heure five o'clockez-vous?*'

✽

THE INNOCENCE OF TAGALOG

THE *North China Herald* is responsible for this spicy illustration of the linguistic difficulties of international understanding: —

Missionaries who were motoring recently through Tondo, a district of Manila, in which there are many small Filipino and Chinese shops, were surprised to see the word 'dammit' on several signboards. One of the women of the party expressed astonishment that the Filipinos had adopted English profanity to such an extent as to use it in their signs. It was then explained that 'dammit' meant clothing in the Tagalog dialect!

✽

GRAY'S CHURCHYARD IN DANGER

THE Stoke Poges churchyard, famous wherever English is spoken as the scene of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, is threatened with building encroachments due to the transformation of Stoke Poges from a country village to a suburb. The churchyard itself can never be built on, but the land about it, which even now is very much the same as in the poet's day, is very likely to fall into the ruthless hands of real-estate men unless steps are taken to prevent it. The church itself is said to be in dangerous structural condition and badly in need of repair. The vicar, the Reverend A. T. Barnett, is endeavoring to raise six thousand pounds, two thousand of which have already been subscribed, to ensure the permanent preservation of his church and its neighborhood.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Poincaré, the Man of the Ruhr, by Sisley Huddleston. London: Fisher Unwin; Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1924. $2.50.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

It is curious that British readers should have had to wait until now, not merely for a satisfactory book, but for any book at all about M. Poincaré. Mr. Sisley Huddleston remarks at the outset of this extremely well-handled 'biographical portrait' that M. Poincaré 'has more greatly influenced the course of events in Europe since the war — and perhaps before the war — than any other Continental statesman'; and this is the bare and unquestionable truth. . . .

There are a number of reasons for the hold which M. Poincaré has upon his countrymen. They are scattered all about Mr. Huddleston's chapters, but they may with advantage be marshaled here. In the first place, without going into the matter of the typical weaknesses of French political life, it may be said that M. Poincaré is, and is perceived by all France to be, the most sincere and honest man in the front rank of that life. In the second place, he is entirely possessed by the ideas and the purposes which are those of most French people in regard to international policy at the present time; and he adheres to them with a pertinacity and rigidity which happen exactly to suit the French temper at the present time, and for which they could look with confidence to no other man in politics. When M. Briand was recalled from Cannes and his Ministry defeated, 'M. Poincaré was the inevitable choice.' He was 'the man who would say "No" to England.' He is saying it still.

There are other points. For instance, that type of personality, the 'unromantic bourgeois,' which the world sees in M. Poincaré, is as highly respected and valued as it is widespread in France. It is one of her recognized sources of strength. Upon such men you can always, and in all circumstances, rely; you know precisely where you are with him. France loved Clemenceau, whose inspiring leadership of the nation undoubtedly saved it from moral collapse and military defeat in the most critical phase of the war. But he was apt to do startling and irregular things; more than once in his career his impulsive recklessness had wrecked a political situation. There was none of that about M. Poincaré; and he was just as firm about the things that mattered to France.

Again, one has to avoid the mistake of associating the 'unromantic' plainness dwelt upon by Mr. Huddleston with commonplace mental attainments. In a nation which pays eager homage to talent, M. Poincaré is one of the most gifted men of his time. His rise to eminence at the Bar, where he made a fortune as barristers' fortunes go in France, was remarkably rapid. As a political writer, in the interval between his Presidency and his Premiership, he became, in Mr. Huddleston's words, 'the most powerful journalist that France has ever had' — an estimate hardly to be accepted literally, but not too far removed from truth.

Another thing that inspires M. Poincaré's countrymen with admiration is a gigantic capacity for work, not in bursts of energy, but continued daily throughout his political career. It is significant that he alone of French Presidents has remained active, and violently active, in politics after quitting the Élysée. After seven years — and such years! — of an office that has worn out many, and killed at least one, M. Poincaré was ready and eager to take a far more energetic part in public affairs than he had ever done in his earlier Ministerial career. His prodigious industry is carried to lengths which are only rendered possible by the Spartan plainness of his habits. He has little use for secretaries, and none for stenographers and typists. Mr. Huddleston assures us that he writes not only all State papers, but all letters, even the most insignificant, with his own hand. If that is so, he must surely be the first Prime Minister since Walpole to follow that exhausting — and one would think time-wasting — practice; and we are not told of Walpole, as we are of M. Poincaré, that his assiduity extended to making the necessary copies of his official writings. He is in his room at the Quai d'Orsay punctually at eight A.M. every day, and often remains there until nine P.M. A characteristic detail is his preference for the railway rather than the road for long journeys, because 'it is impossible to think or to work in a motor-car.'

Such is the man who looks to renew his tenure of power at the elections in May — the embodiment of all that is hard and enduring in the French character.

Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion, by Dean Inge. London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1924. 2*s.* 6*d.*

[*Public Opinion*]

There is a wonderful portrait of a darling child as a frontispiece to Dean Inge's new book, *Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion.* It takes one's breath away to look at it. For that child is not. God took her last Easter-time. There is a haunting charm about her little face which

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abides. To-day her father — the remarkable Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral — writes: —

'It has been my strange privilege, as I believe, to be the father of one of God's saints, a character as pure and beautiful as many which are recorded in the Church's roll of honor; and I offer these pages which are to follow as a thank-offering for that precious gift, not without hope that my readers may be able, from this slight and meagre record, to realize something of the beauty and fragrance which accompanied that short but not imperfect life of eleven years. . . .

'The frontispiece,' says Dean Inge, 'is a portrait of our little daughter Margaret Paula, who entered into her rest on the night of Thursday in Holy Week, 1923. It is not congenial to me to tear aside the veil which secludes the sanctities of a happy home. There are some things about our little girl which I could not bring myself to say in English, or in prose, and which are therefore kept for the metrical dedication which I have written.'

The book opens with two pages in Latin lines: '*In memoriam filiolæ dilectissimæ.*'

It is with the memory of that child's portrait and of her loveliness of mind that one will get the real significance and heart of this brief book of under one hundred pages. There are eight chapters: The Hill of the Lord; The Soul's Thirst; on Faith; Hope; Joy; Self-consecration; the World; Bereavement. So few can write on the life of devotion because so few live it. This is the book of a devout mind who has walked in high places, and few such books are written.

As Dean Inge says, 'There is no substitute for first-hand experience in the spiritual life. We must believe the explorers of the high places of the unseen world when they tell us that they have been there and found what they sought. But they cannot really tell us what they found; if we wish to see what they have seen we must live as they have lived. This is not possible for all, or nearly all. There is such a thing as genius in the religious life, and genius is rare.'

Lettres à un ami, by Alexandre Ribot. Paris: Éditions Bossard, 1924. 12*fr.*

[Roland de Marès in *Le Temps*]

THE memoirs of M. Alexandre Ribot's political life, which are just making their appearance in the bookstores, constitute one of the most interesting contributions to the political and diplomatic history of the war that have so far been published. When during last December the *Revue des Deux Mondes* began publication of the first part of these memoirs, to which the former Président du Conseil has given the form of letters to a friend, we analyzed the pages in which the author dealt particularly with the financial achievements of the Government from 1914 to 1917. But that was the least interesting and of necessity the dullest part of the memoirs which, in the chapters now available, include pages of the greatest historic interest, because they explain the hidden part of things and discuss facts which were passionately disputed and some of which remained enigmas to the great public.

M. Ribot speaks with simplicity and precision, not troubling himself over little flourishes which might, perhaps, falsify what he believes to be the truth. This does not prevent some of the portraits which he sketches in a few lines — of the men who played leading rôles during the war years — from being models of their kind. There is a temptation to linger over the moral physiognomies which he sets down for M. Millerand, M. Clemenceau, Maréchal Joffre, M. Briand, M. Viviani, and many others, but it is necessary to push straight on to the facts — that is, to the events — which decided what we call the great hours of the war and whose connection marks off the stages of that tragic history through which we lived without wholly understanding it. M. Ribot sets forth at length the conditions under which the great offensive of April 1917 was launched and the crisis in the high command which followed its sudden interruption. He asserts that 'M. Painlevé, the Minister of War, did not share the optimism with which General Nivelle had succeeded in inspiring the members of the Chamber in describing his projects,' and he adds that 'too many people knew what was planned.' . . .

The letters in which the former Président du Conseil discusses the efforts to make peace by various parties during the year 1917 may be regarded as of capital importance. The author formally disputes the assertion that an opportunity to end war by a peace advantageous to France was let slip at that time.

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THE Pulitzer Prize Committee was very considerate.

* * *

Just a few days before it announced its findings, the Editor of Scribner's Magazine received the last bit of the manuscript of a new article by Michael Pupin.

* * *

Then the Committee announced that "From Immigrant to Inventor," that romantic story of how a Serbian peasant boy became a great scientist, which first appeared in Scribner's Magazine, had been adjudged the best biography of 1923.

* * *

And, of course, that caused a sort of warm glow of satisfaction all around.

* * *

But about this new article — it now reposes in the forms of the July number of Scribner's Magazine. "From Chaos to Cosmos" embodies the famous scientist's philosophy of the universe from the time when the first electron started the works until the present.

* * *

Michael Pupin shows how co-ordination has come out of chaos and how chaotic forces are being harnessed. It is a fascinating story, the path leading, as the author says, "from the musty boiler-room on little earth to the glorious stars in the boundless heaven."

* * *

The faith of the Serbian lad strengthened by the knowledge of the man of science is evident everywhere in these pages. The article in Scribner's Magazine for July should serve to make those who shout that science is antagonistic to religion save their breath for a few moments and use their brains for the same or a longer period.

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